The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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From the Journal of Commerce.

INCREASING ACTIVITY OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the nefarious slave-trade, Americans are participating largely; if not in direct venture, at least in co-operation in selling and equipping the vessels employed. An American merchant of this city, who is conversant with the subject, expresses his conviction that vessels have been fitting out constantly in New York, and more of them during the last year than before; that some of our business firms in high repute and above suspicion, are intimately concerned; that some of the facts in regard to this matter are scarcely credible, if they had not leaked out incidentally while the case of the Wanderer was under investigation. Even in that flagrant violation of United States laws, southern men, it would appear, were not alone responsible. In truth, by far the majority of all the slavers leaving this country are fitted out in New York and the eastern states, though New Orleans particularly does her share of the business. While the truth of these allegations is not doubted, it might be very difficult to adduce proof adequate to secure a criminal conviction. So similar are the vessels employed in the legal as illegitimate African trade, as respects appearance, crew, cargo, &c., that a rigid attempt to discriminate in the port of departure would affect alike the innocent and the guilty, and all to no purpose; for in almost any supposable case, the evidences of criminal preparation would easily be sworn away.

But if difficulties thus formidable are encountered in attempting to prevent the fitting out of slavers in American ports, they are surpassed by the obstacles with which cruisers have to contend in seeking to effect the capture of these vessels on the highway of the ocean. The strong ground taken by the United States government in relation to the right of search, making it hazardous for British cruisers to molest American shipping without first acquiring indubitable evidence of its true character, has led to the almost universal assumption of the flag of the United States by vessels, of whatever nation engaged in the slave trade. Therefore in the absence of a sufficient United States naval force on the coast of Africa, moving rapidly under steam propulsion, the refuge made so easily available has operated to encourage flagrant offences. American cruisers, too, need to exercise extreme caution; for unless detected with a cargo of slaves on board, the captured vessel is almost sure to escape in the courts, leaving the United States naval Officers to annoying litigation—and no thanks for their pains. Almost within a fortnight we have had two illustrations in point. Our St. Helena correspondent (who is only eight or ten day's sail from the West Coast, and well informed,) wrote home under date of October 26th, stating that that the bark Emily, of New York, had been captured by the United States sloop Portsmouth, having on board "all the appurtenances necessary for the special service," and would shortly arrive in New York. The 'Emily' was soon in custody of the United States Marshal, but only last week she again sailed, under circumstances which made her liable to suspicion.—On enquiring of the United States Marshal at this port for an explanation, we were informed that said vessel had been "bonded, stipulated for, and discharged from custody." This done, the Marshal had no more control. Another case is that of the bark Orion, which was captured last April, off Congo river, by the United States sloop-of-war Marion, having fitted out in this city, as was alleged, for the purpose of procuring slaves. She was condemned by the United States District Court but, within the time allowed by law, the case was appealed to the United States Circuit Court.—Pending a decision, the vessel was bonded for her value, while in custody of the United States Marshal, and forthwith proceeded to sea. We next hear of her capture by Her Majesty's steamer Pluto, near Loanda, with eight hundred and eighty slaves on board. At present the United States Marshal for New York has in custody the brig Hooper, seized in this port, awaiting trial, but of course, with results which may be easily anticipated. Since the present Marshal was in office, there has not been a single condemnation and sale. It is not strange that, thus environed with obstacles, the United States authorities, naval and civil, should find the suppression of the slave trade an undertaking of the greatest difficulty.

It is a circumstance offering some encouragement that the four light draught steamers detailed by the Secretary of the Navy to cruise on the coast of Guinea, entering the harbors and rivers where the slave-traffic was most carried on, had reached their stations at last accounts, and were likely to send home many prizes. One vessel had already been taken. But the most pressing want of the service is a commercial steamer plying regularly along the West coast, encouraging the legitimate trade and conveying intelligence by which to regulate the movements of the naval forces.

England has found steamers thus employed to be indispensable. United States Marshals should, at all our ports, be required to accept none but valid bonds, immediately collectable, before suspected vessels are discharged from custody. Otherwise, the efforts of our cruisers are paralyzed, and their apparent activity a farce. There never was a more favorable time for efficient action. Slavers find their principal source of supply in the neighborhood of the Congo river, and their market in Cuba. The field of action was never, until the last few years, so restricted and accessible.

FREE NEGROES IN KENTUCKY.

The Kentucky House of Representatives passed a bill, by a vote of 77 to 6, providing for the removal of free negroes from that State. The following are the leading features of the measure:

No slaves deemed emancipated until the person emancipating shall give bond for the removal of the person emancipated from the State within ninety days: made a felony for a free negro to come into the State; prohibits the marriage of free negroes and slaves; free negroes not wishing to leave the State may choose a master or mistress, upon the person desiring to become the owner paying one-half of the appraised value of said negro.

An amendment was adopted making it the duty of the county court to examine said negro in open court, apart from the owner, and state to him the effect of said act, and see that he had not been improperly influenced by the person whom he has selected as his owner.

PETITION IN BEHALF OF THE KENTUCKY EXILES.

[Mr. Monroe, on the 11th, presented to the Ohio Senate the following petition from citizens of Ashtabula Co., which was referred to a select committee, consisting of Messrs. Monroe of Lorain, Cox, of Trumbull, and Scisich of Fairfield.]

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Ohio in General Assembly met.

Whereas, Your honorable bodies did, by joint resolution, recently invite the legislatures of Tennessee and Kentucky to visit Columbus, as the guests of the State of Ohio, and subsequently did receive said legislatures at Columbus in a manner highly flattering, feasting and complimenting them at the expense of the common Treasury of the State; and whereas, Rev. John G. Fee and numerous other citizens of Kentucky ("the Mother of wise statesmen," whose "younger sisters delight to do her honor,") have been recently driven from her borders by organized mobs, for no crime, but simply believing and peacefully teaching that the Gospel of Jesus, as well as the Declaration of Independence, is opposed to the system of Human Chattlehood. His Excellency Gov. Magoffin, refusing to make any effort for their protection, and whereas, many of said exiles have fled to this State, as a temporary home, in circumstances which demand our substantial sympathies—Therefore, the undersigned, citizens of Ashtabula county, Ohio, do respectfully request your honorable bodies to appropriate from the State Treasury, the sum of $5 000, or such greater sum as you may deem proper for the relief of such exiles, and as a token of your regard for the "honor" of that State, whose "wise" statesman-like Executive cannot or will not, protect them, and, as in duty bound, &c.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

The Maroons [illegible] and terror spread along the skirts of the blue mountains of Jamaica, when some fresh foray of those unconquered guerrillas swept down upon the outlying plantations, startled the Assembly from its order, General Williamson from his billiards, and Lord Balcarres from his diplomatic ease,—and endangering, according to the official statement, 'public credit,' 'civil rights,' and 'the prosperity, if not the very existence of the country,' until they were 'persuaded to make peace' at last. They were the Circassians of the New World, but they were black, instead of white; and as the Circassians refused to be transferred from the Sultan to the Czar, so the Maroons refused to be transferred from Spanish dominion to English, and thus their revolt began. The difference is, that, while the white mountaineers numbered four hundred thousand, and only defied Nicholas, the black mountaineers numberd less than two thousand, and defied Cromwell; and while the Circassians, after thirty years of revolt, seem now at last subdued, the Maroons, on the other hand, who rebelled in 1655, were never conquered, but only made a compromise of allegiance, and exist as a separate race to-day.

When Admirals Penn and Venables landed in Jamaica, in 1655, there was not a remnant left of the sixty thousand natives whom the Spaniards had found there a century and a half before. Their pitiful tale is told only by those caves, still known among the mountains, where thousands of human skeletons strew the ground. In their place dwelt two foreign races,—an effeminate, ignorant, indolent white community of fifteen hundred, with a black slave population quite as large and infinitely more hardy and energetic. The Spaniards were readily subdued by the English,—the negroes remained unsubdued; the slaveholders were banished from the island,—the slaves only banished themselves to the mountains: thence the English could not dislodge them, nor the buccaneers, whom the English employed. And when Jamaica subsided into a British colony, and peace was made with Spain, and the children of Cromwell's Puritan soldiers were beginning to grow rich by importing slaves for Roman Catholic Spaniards, the Maroons still held their own wild empire in the mountains, and, being sturdy heathens every one, practised Obeah rites in approved pagan fashion.

The word Maroon is derived, according to one etymology, from the Spanish word *Marrano*, a wild-boar,—these fugitives being all boar-hunters,—according to another, from *Marony*, a river separating French and Dutch Guiana, where a colony of them dwelt and still dwells; and by another still, from *Cimarron*, a word meaning untamable, and used alike for apes and runaway slaves. But whether these rebel marauders were regarded as monkeys or men, they made themselves equally formidable. As early as 1663, the Governor and Council of Jamaica offered to each Maroon, who should surrender, his freedom and twenty acres of land; but not one accepted the terms. During forty years, forty-four acts of Assembly were passed in respect to them, and at least a quarter of a million pounds sterling were expended in the warfare against them. In 1733 the force employed against them consisted of two regiments of regular troops and the whole militia of the island, and the Assembly said that 'the Maroons had within a few years greatly increased, notwithstanding all the measures that had been concerted for their suppression,' 'to the great terror of his Majesty's subjects, and to the manifest weakening and preventing the further increase of the strength and inhabitants of the island.'

The special affairs in progress, at the time of these statements, was called Cudjoe's War. Cudjoe was a gentleman of extreme brevity and blackness, whose full length portrait can hardly be said to adorn Dallas's History; but he was as formidable a guerrilla as Marion. Under his leadership, the various bodies of fugitives were consolidated into one force and thoroughly organized. Cudjoe, like Schamyl, was religious as well as military head of his people: by Obeah influence he established a thorough freemasonry among both slaves and insurgents; no party could be sent forth by the government but he knew it in time to lay an ambush, or descend with fire and sword on the region left unprotected. He was thus always supplied with arms and ammunitions; and as his men were perfect marksmen, never wasted a shot and never risked a battle, his forces naturally increased while those of his opponents were decimated. His men were never captured, and never took a prisoner; it was impossible to tell when they were defeated; in dealing with them, as Pelissier said of the Arabs, 'peace was not purchased by victory;' and the only men who could obtain the slightest advantage against them were the imported Mosquito Indians, or the 'Black Shot,' a company of government negroes. For nine full years this particular war continued unchecked, General Williamson ruling Jamaica by day and Cudjo by night.

The rebels had every topographical advantage, for they held possession of the 'Cockpits.' Those highlands are furrowed through and through, as by an earthquake, with a series of gaps or ravines, resembling the California canons, or those similar fissures in various parts of the Atlantic States, known to local fame either poetically as ice-glens, or symbolically as purgatories. These chasms vary from two hundred yards to a mile in length; the rocky walls are fifty or a hundred feet high, and often absolutely inaccessible, while the passes at each end admit but one man at a time. They are thickly wooded, wherever trees can grow; water flows within them; and they often communicate with one another, forming a series of traps for an invading force. Tired and thirsty with climbing, the weary soldiers toil on in single file, without seeing or hearing an enemy, up the steep and winding path they traverse one 'cockpit,' then enter another. Suddenly a shot is fired from the dense and sloping forest on the right, then another and another, each dropping a man; the startled troops face hastily in that direction, when a more murderous volley is poured from the other side; the heights above flash with musketry, while the precipitous path by which they came seems to close in fire behind them. By the time the troops have formed in some attempt [illegible]ty, and their agile and noiseless foes have settled themselves into ambush again, farther up the defile, ready for a second attack, if needed. But one is usually sufficient;—disordered, exhausted, bearing their wounded with them, the soldiers retreat in panic, if permitted to escape at all, and carry fresh dismay to the barracks, the plantations, and the Government House.

It is not strange, then, that high military authorities, at that period, should have pronounced the subjugation of the Maroons a thing more difficult than to obtain a victory over any army in Europe. Moreover, these people were fighting for their liberty, with which aim no form of warfare could be unjustifiable; and the description given by Lafayette of the American Revolution was true of this one,—'the grandest of causes, won by contests of sentinels and outposts.' The utmost hope of a British officer, ordered against the Maroons, was to lay waste a provision ground or cut them off from water. But there was little satisfaction in this; the wild pine leaves and the grapevine-withes supplied the rebels with water, and their plantation grounds were the wild pine-apple and the plantain groves, and the forests, where the wild boars harbored and the ring-doves were as easily shot as if they were militiamen. Nothing but sheer weariness of fighting seems to have brought about a truce at last, and then a treaty, between those high contracting parties, Cudjoe and General Williamson.

But how to execute a treaty between those wild Children of the Mist and respectable diplomatic Englishmen? To establish any official relations without the medium of a preliminary bullet required some ingenuity of manœuvering. Cudjoe was willing, but inconveniently cautious; he would not come half-way to meet any one; nothing would content him but an interview in his own chosen cockpit. So he selected one of the most difficult passes, posting in the forest a series of outlying parties, to signal with their horns, one by one, the approach of the plenipotentiaries, and then to retire on the main body. Through this line of perilous signals, therefore, Colonel Guthrie and his handful of men bravely advanced; horn after horn they heard sounded, but there was no other human noise in the woods, and they had advanced till they saw the smoke of the Maroon huts before they caught a glimpse of a human form.

A conversation was at last opened with the invisible rebels. On their promise of safety, Dr. Russell advanced alone to treat with them, then several Maroons appeared, and finally Cudjoe himself. The formidable chief was not highly military in appearance, being short, fat, hump-backed, dressed in a tattered blue coat without skirts or sleeves, and an old felt hat without a rim. But if he had blazed with regimental scarlet, he could not have been treated with more distinguished consideration; indeed, in that case, 'the exchange of hats' with which Dr. Russell finally volunteered, in Maroon fashion, to ratify negotiations, would have been a less severe test of good fellowship. This fine stroke of diplomacy had its effect, therefore; the rebel captains agreed to a formal interview with Colonel Guthrie and Captain Sadler, and a treaty was at last executed with all due solemnity, under a large cotton-tree at the entrance of Guthrie's Defile. This treaty recognized the military rank of Captain Cudjoe, Captain Accompong, and the rest; gave assurance that the Maroons should be 'forever hereafter in a perfect state of freedom and liberty;' ceded to them fifteen hundred acres of land; and stipulated only that they should keep the peace, should harbor no fugitive from justice or from slavery, and should allow two white commissioners to remain among them, simply to represent the British government.

During the following year a separate treaty was made with another large body of insurgents, called the Windward Maroons. This was not effected, however, until after an unsuccessful military attempt, in which the mountaineers gained a signal triumph. By artful devices,—a few fires left burning, with old women to watch them,—a few provision-grounds exposed by clearing away the bushes, they lured the troops far up among the mountains, and then surprised them by an ambush. The militia all fled, and the regulars took refuge under a large cliff in a stream, where they remained four hours up to their waists in water, until finally they forded the river, under full fire, with terrible loss. Three months after this however, the Maroons consented to an amicable interview, exchanging hostages first. The position of the white hostage, at least, was not the most agreeable; he complained that he was beset by the women and children, with indignant cries of 'Buckra, Buckra,' while the little boys pointed their fingers at him as if stabbing him, and that with evident relish. However, Captain Quao, like Captain Cudjoe, made a treaty at last, and hats were interchanged instead of hostages.

Independence being thus won and acknowledged, there was a suspension of hostilities for some years. Among the wild mountains of Jamaica, the Maroons dwelt in savage freedom. So healthful and beautiful was the situation of their chief town that the English government has erected barracks there of late years, as being the most salubrious situation on the island. They breathed [illegible] ten degrees cooler than that inhaled by the white population below, and they lived on a dainty diet, so that the English epicures used to go up among them for good living. The mountains caught the strange land crabs, plodding in companies of millions their sidelong path from mountain to ocean, and from ocean to mountain again. They hunted the wild-boars, and prepared the [illegible] by salting and smoking it in layers of aromatic leaves, the delicious 'jerked hog' of Buccaneer annals. They reared cattle and poultry, cultivated corn and yams, plantains and cocoas, guavas and papaws and mameys and avocados and all luscious West India fruits; the very weeds of their orchards had tropical luxuriance in their fragrance and in their names; and from the doors of their simple thatched huts they looked across these gardens of delight to the magnificent lowland forests and over those again to the faint line of far-off [illegible], the fainter ocean-horizon, and the illimitable sky.

[illegible] of our Indians, tracked each other by the smell of the smoke of fires in the air; and called to each other by horns, using a special note to designate each one of their comrades, and distinguishing it beyond the range of ordinary hearing. They spoke English diluted with Spanish and African words, and practised Obeah rites quite undiluted with Christianity. Of course they associated largely with the slaves, without any precise regard to treaty stipulation, sometimes brought in fugitives, and sometimes concealed them; left their towns and settled on the planters' lands, when they preferred them, but were quite orderly and luxuriously happy. During the formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn slaves, in 1760, they played a dubious part; when left to go their own way, they did something toward suppressing it—but when placed under the guns of the troops and ordered to fire on those of their own color, they threw themselves on the ground without discharging a shot. Nevertheless, they gradually came up into rather reputable standing; they grew more and more industrious and steady; and after they had joined very heartily in resisting D'Estaing's threatened invasion of the island in 1779, it became the fashion to speak of 'our faithful and affectionate Maroons.'

In 1795, their position was as follows;—their numbers have not materially increased, for many had strayed off and settled on the outskirts of plantations—nor materially diminished, for many runaway slaves had joined them—while there were also separate settlements of fugitives, who had maintained their freedom for twenty years. The white superintendents had lived with the Maroons in perfect harmony, without the slightest official authority, but with a great deal of actual influence. But there was an 'irrepressible conflict' behind all this apparent peace, and the slightest occasion might at any moment revive all the old terror. That occasion was close at hand.

Captain Cudjoe and Captain Accompong and the other founders of Maroon independence had passed away, and 'Old Montague' reigned in their stead, in Trelawney Town. Old Montague had all the pomp and circumstance of Maroon majesty; he wore a laced red coat, and a hat superb with gold lace and plumes. None but captains could sit in his presence. He was helped first at meals and no woman could eat beside him. He presided at councils as magnificently as at table, though with less appetite, and possessed, meanwhile, not an atom of the love or reverence of any human being. The real power lay entirely with Major James, the white superintendent, who had been brought up among the Maroons by his father (and predecessor,) and who was the idol of this wild race. In an evil hour, the government removed him, and put a certain unpopular Captain Craskell in his place, and as there happened to be, about the same time, a great excitement concerning a hopeful pair of young Maroons who had been seized and publicly whipped, on a charge of hog stealing, their kindred refused to allow the new superintendent to remain in the town. A few attempts at negotiation only brought them to a higher pitch of wrath, which ended in their despatching the following remarkable diplomatic note to the Earl of Balcarres:

'The Maroons wishes nothing else from the country but battle, and they desire not to see Mr. Craskell up here at all. So they are waiting every moment for the above on Monday. Mr. David Schaw will see you on Sunday morning for an answer. They will wait till Monday, nine o'clock, and if they don't come up, they will come down themselves.' Signed, 'Colonel Montague and all the rest.'

It turned out at last that only two or three of the Maroons were concerned in this remarkable defiance, but meanwhile it had its effect. Several ambassadors were sent among the insurgents, and were so favorably impressed by their reception as to make up a subscription of money for their hosts, on departing; only the 'gallant Colonel Gallimore,' a Jamaica Camillus, gave iron instead of gold, by throwing some bullets into the contribution box. And it was probably in accordance with his view of the subject, that, when the Maroons sent ambassadors in return, they were at once imprisoned, most injudiciously and unjustly; and when Old Montague himself and thirty-seven others, following, were seized and imprisoned also, it is not strange that the Maroons, joined by many slaves, were soon in open insurrection.

Martial law was instantly proclaimed throughout the island. The fighting men among the insurgents were not, perhaps, more than five hundred, against whom the government could bring nearly fifteen hundred regular troops and several thousand militia-men. Lord Balcarres himself took the command, and, eager to crush the affair, promptly marched a large force up to Trelawney Town, and was glad to march back again as expeditiously as possible. In his very first attack, he was miserably defeated, and had to fly for his life, amid a perfect panic of the troops, in which some forty or fifty were killed—including Colonel Sandford, commanding the regulars, and the bullet-loving Colonel Gallimore, in command of the militia—while not a single Maroon was even wounded, so far as could be ascertained.

After this a good deal of bush-fighting took place. The troops gradually got possession of several Maroon villages, but not till every hut had been burnt by its owner. It was in the height of the rainy season, and, between fire and water, the discomfort of the soldiers was enormous. Meanwhile the Maroons hovered close around them in the woods, heard all their orders, picked off their sentinels, and, penetrating through their lines at night, burned houses and destroyed plantations, far below. The only man who could cope with their peculiar tactics was Major James, the superintendent just removed by government,—and his services were not employed, as he was not trusted. On one occasion, however, he led a volunteer party farther into the mountains than any of the assailants had yet penetrated, guided by tracks known to himself only, and by the smell of the smoke of Maroon fires. After a very exhausting march, including a climb of a hundred and fifty feet up the face of a precipice, he brought them just within the entrance of Guthrie's Defile. 'So far,' said he, pointing to the entrance, 'you may pursue, but no farther; no force can enter here; no white man except myself, or some soldier of the Maroon establishment, has ever gone beyond this. With the greatest difficulty I have penetrated four miles farther, and not ten Maroons have gone so far as that. There are two other ways of getting into the defile, practicable for the Maroons, but not for any one of you. In neither of them can I ascend or descend with my arms, which must be handed to me, step by step, as practised by the Maroons themselves. One of the ways lies to the eastward, and the other to the westward, and they will take care to have both guarded, if they suspect that I am with you, which, from the route you have come to-day, they will. They now see you, and if you advance fifty paces more, they will convince you of it.' At this moment a Maroon horn sounded the notes indicating his name, and, as he made no answer, a voice was heard, inquiring if he were among them. 'If he is' said the voice, 'let him go back, we do not wish to hurt him; but as for the rest of you, come on and try battle, if you choose.' But the gentlemen did not choose.

In September the House of Assembly met. Things were looking worse and worse. For five months a handful of negroes and mulattoes had defied the whole force of the island; and they were defending their liberty by precisely the same tactics through which their ancestors had won it. Half a million pounds sterling had been spent within this time, besides the enormous loss incurred by the withdrawal of so many able-bodied men from their regular employments. 'Cultivation was suspended,' says an eye witness; 'the courts of law had long been shut up; and the island at large seemed more like a garrison under the power of law martial, than a country of agriculture and commerce, of civil judicature, industry and prosperity.' Hundreds of the militia had died of fatigue, large numbers had been shot down, the most daring of the British officers had fallen, while the insurgents had been invariably successful, and not one of them was known to have been killed. Captain Craskell, the banished superintendent, gave it to the Assembly as his opinion, that the whole slave population of the island was in sympathy with the Maroons, and would soon be beyond control. More alarming still, there were rumors of French emissaries behind the scenes; and though these were explained away, the vague terror remained. Indeed, the Lieutenant-Governor announced in his message that he had satisfactory evidence that the French Convention was concerned in the revolt. A French prisoner named Murenson had testified that the French agent at Philadelphia (Fauchet) had secretly sent a hundred and fifty emissaries to the island, and threatened to land fifteen hundred negroes. And though Murenson took it all back at last, yet the Assembly was moved to make a new offer of three hundred dollars for killing or taking a Trelawney Maroon, and a hundred and fifty dollars for killing or taking any fugitive slave who had joined them. They also voted five hundred pounds as a gratuity to the Accompong tribe of Maroons, who had thus far kept out of the insurrection, and various prizes and gratuities were also offered by the different parishes, with the same object of self-protection.

The commander-in-chief being among the killed, Colonel Walpole was promoted in his stead, and brevetted as General, by way of incentive. He found a people in despair, a soldiery thoroughly intimidated, and a treasury, not empty, but anxious. But the new general had not served against the Maroons for nothing, and was not ashamed to go to school to his opponents. First, he waited for the dry season; then he directed all his efforts towards cutting off his opponents from water; and, most effectual move of all, he attacked each successive cockpit by dragging up a howitzer, with immense labor, and throwing in shells. Shells were a visitation not dreamed of in Maroon philosophy, and their quaint compliments to their new opponent remain on record. 'Damn dat little buckra!' they said; 'he cunning more dan dem toder. Dis here da new fashion for fight: him fire big ball arter you, and when big ball stop, de damn suoting (something) fire arter you again.' With which Parthian arrows of rhetoric the mountaineers retreated.

But this did not last long. The Maroons soon learned to keep out of the way of the shells, and the island relapsed into terror again. It was deliberately resolved at last, by a special council convoked for the purpose, 'to persuade the rebels to make peace.' But as they had not as yet shown themselves very accessible to softer influences, it was thought best to combine as many arguments as possible, and a certain Colonel Quarrell had hit upon a wholly new one. His plan simply was, since men, however well disciplined, had proved powerless against Maroons, to try a Spanish fashion against them, and use dogs. The proposition was met, in some quarters, with the strongest hostility. England, it was said, had always denounced the Spaniards as brutal and dastardly for hunting down the natives of that very soil with hounds,—and should England now follow the humiliating example? On the other side, there were plenty who eagerly quoted all known instances of zoological warfare; all Oriental nations, for instance, used elephants in war, and no doubt would gladly use lions and tigers, also, but for their extreme carnivorousness, and their painful indifference to the distinction between friend and foe;—why not, then, use these dogs, comparatively innocent and gentle creatures? 'At any rate, something must be done,' the final argument always used, when a bad or desperate project is to be made palatable. So it was voted at last to send to Havana for an invoice of Spanish dogs, with their accompanying chasseurs, and the efforts at persuading the Maroons were postponed till the arrival of these additional persuasives. And when Colonel Quarrell finally set sail as commissioner to obtain the new allies, all scruples of conscience vanished in the renewal of public courage and the chorus of popular gratitude; a thing so desirable must be right; thrice were they armed who knew their Quarrell just.

But after the parting notes of gratitude died away in the distance, the commissioner began to discover that he was to have a hard time of it. He sailed for Havana in a schooner manned with Spanish renegadoes, who insisted on fighting everything that came in their way,—first a Spanish schooner, then a French one. He landed at Batabano, struck across the mountains towards Havana, stopped at Bosucal to call on the wealthy Marquesa de San Felipe y San Jorge, grand patroness of dogs and chasseurs, and finally was welcomed to Havana by Don Luis de las Casas, who overlooked, for this occasion only, an injunction of his court against admitting foreigners within his government,—'the only accustomed exception being,' as Don Luis courteously assured him, 'in favor of foreign traders who came with new negroes.' To be sure, the commissioner had not brought any of these commodities, but then he had come to obtain the means of capturing some, and so might pass for an irregular practitioner of the privileged profession.

Accordingly, Don Guillermo Dawe Quarrell (so ran his passport) found no difficulty in obtaining permission from the governor to buy as many dogs as he desired. When, however he carelessly hinted at the necessity of taking, also, a few men who should have care of the dogs,—this being, after all the essential part of his expedition,—Don Luis de las Casas put on instantly a double force of courtesy, and assured him of the entire impossibility of recruiting a single Spaniard for English service. Finally, however, he gave permission and passports for six chasseurs. Under cover of this, the commissioner lost no time in enlisting forty; he got them safe to Batabano, but at the last moment, learning the state of affairs, they refused to embark on such very irregular authority. When he had persuaded them, at length, the officer of the fort interposed objections. This was not to be borne, so Don Guillermo bribed him and silenced him; a dragoon was, however, sent to report to the governor; Guillermo sent a messenger after him and bribed him, too; and then, at length, after myriad rebuffs, and after being obliged to spend the last evening at a puppet-show, in which the principal figure was a burlesque on his own personal peculiarities, the weary Don Guillermo, with his crew of renegadoes, and his forty chasseurs and their one hundred and four muzzled dogs, set sail for Jamaica.

These new allies were certainly something formidable, if we may trust the pictures and descriptions in Dallas's History. The chasseur was a tall, meagre, swarthy Spaniard of mulatto, lightly clad in cotton shirt and drawers, with broad straw-hat and moccasins of raw hide; his belt sustaining his long, straight, flat sword or machete, like an iron bar sharpened at one end; and he wore by the same belt three cotton leashes for his three dogs, sometimes held also by chains. The dogs were a fierce breed, crossed between hound and mastiff, never unmuzzled but for attack, and accompanied by smaller dogs called *finders*. It is no wonder, when these wild and powerful creatures were landed at Montego Bay, that terror ran through the town; doors were everywhere closed and windows crowded, not a negro dared to stir, and the muzzled dogs, infuriated by confinement on shipboard filled the silent streets with their noisy barking and the rattling of their chains.

How much would have come of all this by actual conflict does not appear. The Maroons had already been persuaded to make peace upon certain conditions and guarantees,—a decision probably accelerated by the terrible rumors of the blood hounds though they never saw them. It was the declared opinion of the Assembly, confirmed by that of General Walpole, that 'nothing could be clearer than that, if they had been off the island, the rebels would not have been induced to surrender.' Nevertheless a treaty was at last made, without the direct intervention of the quadrupeds. Again commissioners went up among the mountains to treat with negotiators at first invisible: again were hats and jackets interchanged not without any reluctance on the part of the well-dressed Englishmen; and a solemn agreement was effected. The most essential part of the bargain was a guaranty of continued independence, demanded by the suspicious Maroons. General Walpole, however, promptly pledged himself that no such unfair advantage should be taken of them as had occurred with the hostages previously surrendered, who were placed in irons, nor should any attempt be made to remove them from the island. It is painful to add, that this promise was outrageously violated by the Colonial government, to the lasting grief of General Walpole, on the ground that the Maroons had violated the treaty by a slight want of punctuality in complying with its terms, and by remissness in restoring the fugitive slaves who had taken refuge among them. As many of the tribe as surrendered, therefore, were at once placed in confinement, and ultimately shipped from Port Royal to Halifax, to the number of six hundred, on the 6th of June, 1796. For the credit of English honor, we rejoice to know that General Walpole not merely protested against this utter breach of faith, but indignantly declined the sword of honor which the Assembly voted him in its gratitude, and retired from military service forever.

The remaining career of this portion of the Maroons is easily told. They were first dreaded by the inhabitants of Halifax; then welcomed, when seen; and promptly set to work on the citadel, then in process of reconstruction, where the 'Maroon Bastion' still remains,—their only visible memorial. Two commissioners had charge of them, one being the redoubtable Colonel Quarrell, and twenty-five thousand pounds were appropriated for their temporary support. Of course they did not prosper; pensioned colonists never do, for they are not compelled into habits of industry.—After their delicious life in the mountains of Jamaica, it seemed rather monotonous to dwell upon that barren soil—for theirs was such that two previous colonies had deserted it—and in a climate where winter lasts seven months in the year. They had a schoolmaster, and he was also a preacher; but they did not seem to appreciate that luxury of civilization,—utterly refusing, on grounds of conscience, to forsake polygamy; and on grounds of personal comfort to listen to the doctrinal discourses of their pastor, who was an ardent Sandemanian. They smoked their pipes during service time, and left old Mostage, who still survived, to lend a vicarious attention to the sermon. One discourse he briefly reported as follows, very much to the point:—'Massa parson say no must tief, no must meddle with somebody wife, no must quarrel, mus set down softly.' So they sat down very softly, and showed an extreme unwillingness to get up again. But not being naturally an idle race, (at least in Jamaica the objection lay rather on the other side,) they soon grew tired of this inaction. Distrustful of those about them, suspicious of all attempts to scatter them among the community at large, frozen by the climate, and constantly petitioning for removal to a milder one, they finally wearied out all patience. A long dispute ensued between the authorities of Nova Scotia and Jamaica, as to which was properly responsible for their support; and thus the heroic race, that for a century and a half had sustained themselves in freedom in Jamaica, were reduced to the position of troublesome and impracticable paupers, shuttlecocks between two selfish parishes. So passed their unfortunate lives, until, in 1800, their reduced population was transported to Sierra Leone, at a cost of six thousand pounds, since which they disappear from history.

It was judged best not to interfere with those bodies of Maroons which had kept aloof from the late outbreak, as the Accompong settlement, and others. They continued to preserve a qualified independence and retain it even now. In 1835, two years after the abolition of slavery in Jamaica, there were reported sixty families of Maroons as residing at Accompong Town, eighty families at Charles Town, and twenty families at Scott Hall, making two hundred and seventy families in all—each station being, as of old, under the charge of a superintendent. But there can be little doubt, that, under the influences of freedom, they are rapidly intermingling with the mass of colored population in Jamaica.

The story of the exiled Maroons attracted attention in high quarters, in its time; the wrongs done to them were denounced in Parliament by Sheridan and mourned by Wilberforce; while the employment of bloodhounds against them was vindicated by Dundas, and the whole course of the Colonial government defended, through thick and thin, by Bryan Edwards. This thorough partisan even had the assurance to tell Mr. Wilberforce, in Parliament, that he knew the Maroons, from personal knowledge, to be cannibals, and that, if a missionary were sent among them in Nova Scotia, they would immediately eat him, a charge so absurd that he did not venture to repeat it in his history of the West Indies, though his injustice to the Maroons is even there so glaring as to provoke the indignation of the more moderate Dallas. But, in spite of Mr. Edwards, the public indignation ran quite high in England, against the blood-hounds and their employers, so that the home ministry found it necessary to send a severe reproof to the Colonial government. For a few years the tale of the Maroons thus emerged from mere colonial annals, and found their way into Annual Registers and Parliamentary Debates—but they have vanished from popular memory now. Their record still retains its interest, however, as that of one of the heroic races of the world; and all the more, because it is with their kindred that this nation has to deal, in solving the tremendous problem of incorporating their liberties with our own. We must remember the story of the Maroons, because we cannot afford to ignore a single historic fact which bears upon a question so momentous.

From the State Journal.

KIDNAPPING AND SLAVEHOLDING.

The Senate on Thursday passed the bill to punish kidnapping in Ohio. Frequent cases, which have aroused, wherever they occurred, indignation not limited by party, and the fact that kidnapping negroes in the free States and selling them into slavery is now the most profitable, tempting, and only kind of robbery that can be carried on without danger, demands the most stringent legislation; and that every legislator of a free State should vote against it, shows but little regard for the preservation of the personal safety of the citizens of Ohio, and a subserviency to slavery which it does not demand is all. The bill is to prevent acts which the substantial slaveholders of the South would punish as promptly and as severely as we would. It provides safeguards only for freemen, without the least intent or ambition to interfere with the legal rights of the slaveowner. It is not in the least offensive to the South, unless the clause in our constitution against slavery is offensive, and we hope not the least idea that conservative southern men will take the least exceptions to it. This we say, not that we do not regard the protection of our own citizens as the first duty of the State, whatever those of other States may think; but because we think that subserviency to southern opinions has been overdone in this case, and that even the loco-focos, who have put themselves on record against furnishing protection to our citizens, subject strictly to the federal constitution and federal laws, may hereafter find the record inconvenient.

The bill provides in brief, 1st, that there shall be no more slave-holding in Ohio than is strictly according to the constitution, 2nd, that there shall be no more kidnapping in this State, than is required by the constitution of the United States and by federal legislation.

Below we give the bill as passed by the Senate, not doubting that our readers will concur with us, that if the State of Ohio is not competent to extend this protection to her citizens, we had better have no more to say about State sovereignty, and should at once surrender our State Constitution and assume a colonial position in fact, as democracy would have us in spirit.

A BILL.

To prevent Slaveholding and kidnapping in the State of Ohio.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That if any person shall bring into this state any other person, with intent to hold or control, or shall aid or assist in holding or controlling, directly or indirectly, within this state, any other person as a slave, such person, so offending, shall be deemed guilty of false imprisonment, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, not less than three, nor more than nine months, and by fine not less than two hundred, nor more than five hundred dollars; and every person coming within this state otherwise than as a person held to service in another state under the laws thereof, and escaping into this state, shall be deemed and held in all courts as absolutely free.

SEC. 2. If any person shall seize or arrest, or shall attempt to seize or arrest, or shall aid in seizing or arresting, or in attempting to seize or arrest, or shall use any force or fraud for the purpose of holding, detaining or controlling any other person, upon any pretence or claim that such person is a fugitive from service, such person, so offending, shall be deemed guilty of false imprisonment, and shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, not less than three months, nor more than nine months, and by fine not less than three hundred nor more than five hundred dollars.

SEC. 3. If any person shall seize or arrest, or shall attempt to seize or arrest, or shall aid in seizing or arresting, or in attempting to seize or arrest, or shall use any force or fraud for the purpose of holding, detaining, controlling, or influencing any other person with intent to carry or remove such person out of this state, or with intent to cause such person voluntarily to depart out of this state, in order that such person may be taken, held, or controlled as a slave, in some other state, territory, or jurisdiction, such person so offending, shall be deemed guilty of kidnapping, and shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor, not less than three, nor more than seven years.

SEC. 4. Nothing in the preceding sections of this act shall apply to any act done by any person under the authority of the Constitution of the United States, or of any law of the United States, made in pursuance thereof.

SEC. 5. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

From a Correspondent of the Portland Transcript.

THE PEOPLE IN CONVENTION.

Great Union Savin Meetin in Hornby.

I do suppose that of this ere blessed old country of ourn has bin onet on the very verge and pint of eternal smash since I fust wore trowsis, it has been in that alarmin sitivation at least fifty times.

And toe the intent and send that honor may be giv whar honor is dew—I want it kept before the people as a everlastin rememberence—perpetooal sowener and momentus moese—that in all cases whar the union has bin gin over when perlitical doctors elswhar have pronounced it in extremis mortar, an not likely toe live afore mornin—Hornby has always kim toe the rescue, an never failed to put the critter on its legs agin.

When aour folks first heern that Seward and Garrison had committed a resurrecshun in Virginny and killed John Brown, and that the Ossywattimies and niggers had take Harper's ferry bote, we was considerably struck I allow, but we didn't lose aour presence of mind. It don't take longer to raise spirit of '76 in aour people's bussums than it dus to git up steam in your new fire engine. Thar's only one pesky nigger lives in our town. Let alone his bein a nigger, I dus spose he is bout as clever a ole critter as ever lived, but then he's a posterity of Cain and Able, which slew aour fust parients with the jaw bone of an Ass, and consequently is agin both scriptur an the Constitootion. Afore a hour had rolled away among the things as never was, we'd tore his haouse all to smithers, and the black cus hisself only escaped by leaven part of his skulp and wool enough for a pair of mittings in the hands of Zorobabble Peabody. Arter he had thus acted in accordance with the pervisions an compermises of the constitootion, we adjourned to meet again into the meetinous the next nite, whar a meetin on the state of the Union was appinted.

When we went in the meetin was organized an Peltiah Pettibones was goin it in a 2.40 speech. As the Deacon and I not only hoofed but 'smiled,' and then tax sothin, we only heered the pearoarration.

'Over the sky-blew cirrulian vastness of the everlastin hill tops" says Peltiah, says he—'up from the Peelin ambiguities onspeckable horrorsation an oscillated permeations of the howlin wilderness, borne on all the breezes that sweeps the eternal circumambient, shrieked by every eagle as he rises from his prey and soars into boundless contiguity, I hear but one cry—Union!—union agin everything, naow, hereafter, henceforth and forever more! Amen!

Perhaps there warnt no stompin when Peltiah sat down. Of course there warnt.

The committee on resolutions then kim in and reported the following, which was adopted sync dye:

1. Resolved, The day we celebrate—may its shadder never be less.

2. Resolved, That things has kim to a pooty pass and oughter so to be, as they oughtent.

3. Resolved, That all abolitionism is resurrectionist, and that hangin the hull lot would promote the interests of trade, and serve to make aour free institootions a terror to the world.

4. Resolved, That Gov. Wise in hangin old Seward and Garrison, is entitled to the sympathy of all who keep step with the Union. "And if he wants the hornby Falanks," the solick men be authorised to send that corpse on, of they will go.

5. Resolved, That we recognise in aour Southern Brethren the trew Shivelry, Paytriots and Paytriarks. That theyr olers right and that we of the North is prone to wrong as the sparks is to go up ubimbly. That slavery was sot up in the convehant with Abram when he was caught in the bullrushes, and is therefore a sacred institootion. Long may it wave!

6. Resolved, Ef aour Southern Brethren don't think the foregoin strong enough, and will write about sich a one as they wants, we'll pass it.

7. Resolved, That the Falanks remain under arms until further orders wish poor to arrest all niggers, Peddlers, book agents and aberlitionists found runnin at large agin the statoots, and that the town be considered under marshal law for the present.

Adjourned syne dye.

ETHAN SPIKE, Sec'y.

From the News and Advertiser (Delaware).

A METHODIST PREACHER DRIVEN FROM HIS WORK.

Benjamin Brown a colored Methodist Preacher, sent by the conference to labor among the colored people of Milford and Slaughter Neck, was arrested on Friday last, at the instigation of some of the citizens of Slaughter Neck, for being a non-resident. He was taken before Esq. Revill, who was compelled by the law to fine him Fifty Dollars. He was also ordered to leave the State in five days or again be subject to fine and imprisonment. It seems that besides preaching on the Sabbath, he had opened a school in which free colored children in great numbers were learning to read and write; and this excited the opposition that was manifested in enforcing an inhuman law. The preacher is said to be a quiet peaceable man. His work among the free negroes of this vicinity was elevating and improving them; but this many white men are opposed to, never seeming, while they abuse the negroes for their immoral and vicious practices, to consider that it is their ignorance and degregation that makes them so, and to remove which intelligence and moral elevation is absolutely necessary. Ignorance is the mother of vice, and knowledge is the father of virtue among all classes of men.

Many of our citizens have since signed a petition to the Judge for this county for a permit to allow Brown to remain and attend to the duties to which he has been assigned by Bishop [illegible]; but the Judge has not yet granted it. Brown was ordained a Deacon in the church by Bishop Waugh late of Baltimore, and to Elder's orders by Bishop Baker.

A son of Brown was also engaged in teaching in Milford, but on receiving notification he left the town and probably the State.

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least of these my brethren,* ye have done it unto me."

BAILIE PEYTON AND THE FREE NEGROES.

In a recent speech of Bailie Peyton, at Gallatin, in Tennessee, he made a most earnest and pathetic appeal in behalf of the *free negroes* of Tennessee against a villainous law which has passed the House of Representatives, and is now pending in the Senate of that state; saying that the people of Tennessee had ever been distinguished for justice, humanity and courage—That Tennesseeans had displayed their chivalry in winning the pioneer independence of the country—That they had poured out their blood on all the glorious battle-fields of the late war with England, under Jackson, and in the Mexican war, under Taylor and Scott, and had won for it the proud title of the "Volunteer State," and now look at the humiliating attitude she is made to assume. Her legislation is based upon fear—her million of gallant sons, it would seem, are alarmed at the presence of 6,000 or 7,000 *free* persons of color—men, women, and children, scattered throughout the State. Is this just? Is it necessary to make war upon those helpless, penniless, harmless creatures? Have they ever been charged with, or suspected of disturbing our peace or safety? He remembered in '35, when he ran for Congress, that Davy Topence, a free man of color, was one of his supporters, and voted for him; for then free negroes were allowed to vote. How this slavery question has changed the hearts of men! But Davy has paid the debt of nature, and is beyond this cruel law, should it pass, which for the sake of *justice, for the sake of humanity,* and for the honor of Tennessee, he trusted in God would not be the case.

FREE NEGROES IN KENTUCKY.—We earnestly hope that the proposition of some of those ultra men in our legislature will not be carried out.—If the policy suggested by them should be adopted and executed, it would be a disgrace to Kentucky—a disgrace to American civilization. It would call forth the cry of "shame!" "shame!" from the lips of the world. The bare statement of the provisions proposed must, we should think shock the sensibilities and the moral sense of mankind. It seems that men have become so excited, and feverish, and jealous, and suspicious in respect to slavery as an important element in our elections that, going from one position of madness and infatuation to another, they have at length arrived at the point of imagining that they cannot improve or maintain their partisan or sectional advantages unless they are constantly exhibiting their devotion to slavery by the commission of new and unheard of atrocities.

If anything is wanted in Kentucky for the better protection of slavery or the greater security of either property or of life, let our General Assembly, provided, they are wise enough, grant it, but we do solemnly protest against any such enormous and tremendous outrage upon human right as that been proposed. To lay all other and even higher considerations aside, what would do more than the consummation of the contemplated iniquity to deepen and strengthen and intensify the already perilous free soil sentiment of a majority of the States of our Union, and strike down forever in that section all the advocates of the true and legitimate interests and rights of the South!—*Louisville Journal.*

THE New York *Independent* is in many respects a good paper, but it is a very strange paper. It has no individuality of character. There are too many cooks in the kitchen, and hence they spoil the broth for the [illegible]. Theodore Tilton, who is one of the Editorial staff, don't dare to speak in the *Independent* as he spoke lately in the Plymouth Church, when he condemned the [illegible] of the American Board in regard to the Cherokee Mission. The *Independent* is a journal by halves and against the Board. No more bitter attacks have been made upon Dr. Cheever by the *Times* and *Express,* than those which have emanated from the *Independent* itself. Yet Dr. Cheever is one of the editors of that paper. The fact is that the Editorial Corps of the *Independent* is made up of heterogeneous materials, and hence its trumpet gives an uncertain sound. Some of these gentlemen are abolitionists, after the order of Saint Nicodemus—they do all their enquiring by night.—Others are Abolitionists after the order of Saint Ephraim. Ephraim, says the Prophet, is 'a cake not turned.' It is therefore baked only on one side. The other is considerably *doughy.* A third class still, such as Cheever and Tilton, are genuine Anti-Slavery men, but they are overruled and hamstrung by the gentlemen aforesaid. The *Independent,* under present auspices, is not a *free* Press. We predict an explosion.—*Free Church Portfolio.*

TROUBLE IN THE METHODIST CHURCH AT GENEVA.

During the past week the citizens of Geneva have been in a feverish state of excitement, growing out of a refusal to permit Rev. William Hosmer, the well known editor of the *Northern Independent,* and Rev. J. D. Long, to lecture on Slavery, in the Methodist Church of that village.—According to a statement in the Geneva *Courier,* these gentlemen who were interested in having the lecture delivered, first obtained the consent of the Trustees that they should have the use of the church, and then prepared a notice to the effect that Revs. Messrs. Hosmer and Long would lecture on the subject of Slavery and its connection with the Methodist Church, on the evening of Friday Feb. 10th. This notice was signed by several members of the church, was handed to the Pastor, Rev. D. D. Buck, on Sunday morning, and he refused to read it. He, however, called a meeting at his residence, to consider the course to be taken in respect to this important subject. That meeting was largely attended, and it was determined that the notice should be read in the evening; so it was read, and every apology made for not having given it out in the morning.

The Monday evening following, an election was held at the church for the purpose of choosing a Trustee in the place of Philip Crane whose term of office was about to expire. At the election sixty-seven votes were cast, a number far greater than was ever before polled in the church on any similar occasion. Of these votes, Harry G. Moore received twenty, and Philip Crane forty-seven.—The meeting presented more the appearance of a Spring election, than anything else, and from the division which was made, it was apparent that Harry G. Moore was the candidate of what is known as the 'Hibbard' or pro-slavery party, and as the result shows, he was in the minority, as was that side at the conference held on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Moore then set about obtaining an injunction against the Trustees and other members of the church, forbidding them to open the church to [illegible] religious instruction and to preach and expound God's holy word.' The injunction was allowed by Judge Knox, and so the church was closed on Friday evening last against the lecturers. A number of the leading members of the church have published a full statement of the affair, and intimate pretty strongly that the end is not yet, but that the law will be resorted to to settle the difficulty between the church and Mr. Moore.

Mr. Hosmer was to have lectured by invitation of the committee, in Linden Hall on Friday evening.—*Roch. Express.*

CURIOUS NOTES AND OMENS.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.—A Missouri correspondent of *Zion's Herald* thus illustrates the benevolence of Missouri slave-holding:

"A member about twenty miles from St. Joseph is owner of 12 slaves, and came in possession of them in this wise: He and his brother were sole heirs to a large farm, with 12 slaves and much other property. The brother, who was unscrupulous in regard to slavery, proposed a partition in which all the slaves were placed in one division, and gave the other his choice, trusting that his Methodistic and strong anti-slavery principles would induce him to reject the slaves. He was mistaken. The Methodist took the slaves, and saved them from the doom of the cotton-field, and is now working for their ultimate redemption.—I should think little of the head or heart of a New England abolitionist who would not be a slave-owner under such circumstances."

How "working for their ultimate redemption!—So very many slave-holders pretend, in all the slave states. And the grabbing of those 12 slaves by a brother "Methodist," to "save them from the doom of the cotton-field," is very much like the transaction of Rev. Mr. Quinn of the Philadelphia Conference, who, having over twenty slaves, and more than he wanted, sent one to Norfolk and sold him, "to keep him from being sold out of the State."

Communications.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

It is well known to some of the friends of Woman's Rights in the West, that a campaign in behalf of this cause has been prosecuted in New York during the present season. You have seen the Meetings of the agents advertised in the Tribune and other papers, but of the success of our enterprise you have doubtless heard but little. The press is strangely silent at the present time, in relation to this matter.

When women began to talk in public, they elicited an immense amount of editorial comment, varying according to the mental and moral calibre of the writer. Those who were friendly were much disposed to praise and flatter; those who were hostile could not abuse us half enough. When we first held conventions, all christendom was thrown into one universal giggle at the strong-minded women, while nearly every public paper became a fitting mouth piece. Those who went off into individual enterprises, that were successful, ever found the press profuse in sympathy and encouragement. Thus has it veered with the popular breeze.

The cause of woman has now assumed a different phase. It has been dignified by legislation, and the married woman has been dignified by a partial legal existence in nearly all the free states. Suffrage for women has been earnestly recommended by Legislative Committees, and so just and righteous has our cause been made to appear, that it now commands respect, and much interest. Indeed so genuine and emphatic has been the response to our doctrine whenever it has been discussed, that it is somewhat hazardous for public journals to condemn, and they have not the courage to approve, hence they are silent. Sallies of vulgar wit are reserved for fresh topics.

Our campaign this winter was successful. The meetings were generally well attended; our petitions were numerously signed, and tracts extensively distributed. The change in public sentiment on this subject is very marked. It has been well said that no reform has made such progress in the same length of time. Women are coming up to take their place by the side of men in nearly all the walks of life. They are engaging more in literature and the arts, and to some extent in commerce, agriculture and Mechanics. We read new aspirations in the faces of women wherever we go, and we know that scores of them are resolving to carve out their own destiny—to gain self-reliance, pecuniary independence, and position too; not through a mercenary marriage, but by the strength and energy of their own individual powers.

Next season we will make an effort to canvass Ohio, and I trust we may be able to present such an array of petitioners demanding equal rights to earnings, to our own children, and to political franchises, as shall prevent our Legislature from making such an ungenerous and summary disposition of bills upon these important interests as was made of that presented by Mr. Parish this winter. It would be well for us to question candidates hereafter, and see whether those who ignore the rights of half the race shall represent our respective districts.

J. ELIZABETH JONES.

[The following proceedings would have appeared sooner had they been handed in at an earlier day.]

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

At Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress held Sunday, the 12th of Feb., 1860, in Butler Township, Col. co., Ohio.

The following Resolutions, after being thoroughly discussed, were unanimously adopted by the meeting.

1. Resolved, That Slaveholders *as such* have no rights, whether they act as individuals or as *States.*

2. Resolved, That Slaves, *as such,* owe no service or duties to their enslavers.

3. Resolved, That if armed defense be ever a right and duty, it is the right and duty of the Slaves to defend themselves against their enslavers, and of the people and States of the North to aid them in such defence, whether on the soil of slaveholding or non-slaveholding States.

4. Resolved, That all laws and constitutions, all Religions and Governments that recognize and protect the rights of slaveholders and slaveholding states, and enjoin on *slaves* obligations and duties to their enslavery are null and void, and it is the duty of all to resist them, and seek their overthrow.

Whereas, The Governor and Legislature of Kentucky have refused protection to the citizens of that state, and looked on and saw a mob drive some 60 of her most estimable people from there and banish them to Ohio, because of their anti-slavery sentiments; and,

Whereas, Said Governor and Legislature of Kentucky, with the Legislature of Tennessee, have recently visited Ohio, and were invited to the Capital by the Legislature and Governor of Ohio, and made drunk with wine, and merry in the dance, and then voted $5,000 of the people's money to pay for the means of their debauch;

Whereas, All this was done by the Legislature of Ohio with a view to conciliate the manstealers of the South, to give triumph to the Republican party, and to save a slave-holding and slave hunting Union; therefore,

Resolved, In the defference paid to manstealers, and in feasting and banqueting those who live by stealing and enslaving men and women, the Legislature of Ohio has degraded the state, insulted and outraged the moral sense of the people, done a great wrong to the cause of Liberty, and rendered themselves deserving the scorn and contempt of all the friends of humanity.

RACHEL WHINERY, } *Clerks.*
ISAAC TRESCOTT,

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—*John Brown of Osawatomie.*

SALEM, OHIO, MARCH 3, 1860.

A FEW REPUBLICAN PLANKS.

Cassius M. Clay has been making a speech before the Young Men's Republican Union, in New York City, which has been received with great applause, and appears to be accepted as a true presentation of the doctrines of the Republican party. To affirm that he said nothing that was good, would be incorrect, for the speech contains as much, perhaps, that is unexceptionable, as could be found of pure water in a tumbler in which was mixed a few grains of arsenic—not more than enough to poison the whole, and make the draught fatal to him who partakes of it.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a few of the points he presented on that occasion. It has been affirmed in former days by some of the abolitionists in the Republican party, that Congress has no more right to make a slave than a king; but Cassius, it seems, holds to the opposite doctrine, for he affirms,

"It is at last brought to this: Congress has the right to *establish* or *abolish* Slavery in the Territories. It is then, a matter upon which we appeal to the country for decision. Will you go for Slavery, or Freedom? I believe that to be the doctrine of the Republican party, and that is the whole sum and substance of the controversy between us."

We are to understand then, that so far as the power of Congress to establish slavery in the territories is the question, there is no essential difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, which we can readily believe when we remember the vote cast by the Republican Representatives for Dunn's bill, which not only recognized the power of Congress to establish slavery in Kansas, but affirmed in an unmistakable manner the expediency of its temporarily doing so.

Mr. Clay notices at considerable length the false charges brought against the Republicans only a few of which we have room to refer to; and we do it with the desire to give the party the full benefit of his explanations and vindications, and place it right upon the record so far as we are able to do. First, in regard to the admission of new slave states into the Union.

"Another charge made is, that we propose to prevent the admission, in any latitude of another slaveholding state. I deny that this is the platform of the Republican party, as made up in 1856, or as it is to be made up in 1860, and if you will allow me I will refer to the record. I cannot read all of the platform, but I give you my word there is no such clause in it."

That is certainly very candid and very consistent. A party which can remain in a confederacy in which there are fifteen slave States, need not have any scruples of conscience about admitting any more. Having swallowed the camel, it would be a great piece of affectation to strain at a gnat.

In relation to the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Clay speaks as by authority.

"The fourth charge is that we propose to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and practically refuse to obey the Constitution on that subject. I do not deny that in some of the States there has been an effort made of that kind, but I do utterly deny that there is any such clause in the platform of 1856 or the call of 1860. Without dwelling farther upon that, I pass it by, saying that I do not care to avow that I stand on that subject with Daniel Webster, the man whom, of all others in the country, we have styled the expounder of the Constitution—certainly upon Constitutional law the highest authority of this country or any other. Mr. Webster although he was over persuaded, flattered by the idea that he would get Southern support by yielding his true-born opinion, said what, in his speech of the 7th March? He said "that this was a power that belonged not to Congress, but to the several States." That is my belief; but the Republican party, desirous of harmony, yielded it, and struck it out of our platform in 1856, and do not intend to incorporate it in the platform of 1860."

The Republican party, it seems, for the sake of harmony, yields a constitutional principle, and in order to secure Success, determined in 1856 not to oppose one of the most iniquitous laws any nation ever framed; and with the same object in view, will in 1860, coward-like pursue a similar course.

Having thus disposed of the Fugitive Slave Law, he comments in the following strain upon some other charges.

"To refuse to prevent or punish by State action the spoliation of slave property, but, on the contrary, to make it a criminal offense in their citizens to obey the laws of the Union in so far as they protect property in African slaves." Gentlemen, don't we tell them in our call that we go for protecting the rights of all the States, and, so far from hindering them in the return of their property, that we pledge ourselves as a party to defend them against your State, or my State, and every State, or against foreign invasion. Of course, if we are honest in the purpose, we are honest in the other, and we cannot be honest in that avowal, if we are dishonest in the first imputation.

"To abolish slavery in the District of Columbia." I need not read our platform again, but I defy any man to find any such a clause in it.

"To abolish it in the forts, arsenals, dock-yards and other places in the South where Congress has exclusive jurisdiction." There is no such clause as that in the platform of 1860.

"To abolish the internal and coastwise trade." There is no such clause as that in it either.

"To limit, harass, and frown upon the institution of slavery in every mode of political action, and by every form of public opinion;" We in fact make a directly opposite avowal. So far from that, we not only are compelled by the necessity of the case, but we propose, in carrying out in good faith this associated brotherhood of confederated States, not to take Emancipationists alone upon our platform, not simply to appoint them to offices, but we propose and invite slaveholders to act in conjunction with us, and to assist us in carrying out the Government, which we shall in all probability so soon control. How can this be true? How can we then intend to harass the institution *by every mode of political action?* Why, gentlemen, the thing is impossible in the nature of things, and unless you have proof that we are dishonest, there is no believing that we can, or desire to, monopolise all the offices in the country."

That is very plain, and *simple,* and easily understood, and Cassius M. Clay is not the only man who thus expounds the *principles* and *measures* of the Republican party, and speaking too, by the authority of position. Yet notwithstanding such declarations, men will be found who will insist upon the anti-slavery character of the party, and will obtain pecuniary support, and influence, and votes under that false pretence; and will beguile into their nets men who ought to be able to put together even more than two ideas, and do their own thinking. Some men talk of the rank and file of the Democracy *"going it blind,"* "and so they do; and yet there was never a more blinded and befooled set of political dupes that are toled on by Republican demagogues to forsake every principle they profess to hold dear, to abandon every measure they declare they desire to sustain, in order that by so doing they may realise the great idea of party success, and secure the loaves and fishes of political consideration.

JAMES AND JOHN—THE DIFFERENCE.

The free and independent white male sovereigns have recently been inaugurating a bronze carricature of Washington, which they placed upon a pedestal in one of the streets of the Capital of the United States. The President was of course there, and of course made the dedicatory speech. The weather, which, it seems, had been unpropitious, cleared off, and furnished an introductory theme for the Executive. There he stood—the political head of a nation of thirty millions, surrounded by a civic and military crowd who had assembled to honor to the bronze representative of one whom the American people idolize, and who were prepared to applaud all that might drop from the lips of any speaker. There he stood—in full view of the Potomac, and of the shores of the Old Dominion, and thus spake JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Fellow-citizens: I accept the auspicious omen which the heavens at this moment present to us—a calm sunset, almost without a cloud, after a boisterous and tempestuous day. [Applause.]

Many accidents have occurred to delay the completion of these ceremonies, but, thank God, as has always occurred in the history of our country, whatever of storms, whatever of tempests and dangers beset us in the morning, the end has always been clear and unclouded. [Applause.]"

Scarcely three months before a man lay in prison in that same Old Dominion, for endeavoring to establish upon its soil principles, for the vindication of which is based all the deserved reputation of George Washington, and there, alone in his cell—save a wounded companion—a condemned traitor with the gallows waiting in expectancy for him, covered over with the anathemas of the South, and cursed by the faint vindication or paltry excuses of professed friends, the man, JOHN BROWN, thus wrote to his "Dear Wife and Children, every one:"—

"I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky."

It is hardly just to draw a comparison between the men, and the positions they occupy—not in public estimation perhaps, but in reality—one, the truckling politician, the other, the hero martyr of the 19th century. We do, however, invite a comparison between the two passages we have quoted, and leave it to others to say, whether to James Buchanan or John Brown should be awarded the palm.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The time of holding the Republican Convention at Chicago, has been changed to the 18th of May.

Edward Lytton Bulwer justly calls a Newspaper "the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink."

Not only "living waters" are poured into newspapers, but waters as destructive of life as the fatal quality of the Dead Sea; and those who drink of them without filtering will partake of a moral poison that will spread throughout the entire system.

* * *

Ralph Plumb, in his testimony before the Harper's Ferry Committee, acknowledged the existence of an organization in Ohio, called the "Sons of Liberty," whose platform of principles is simply as follows:

"No man shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, while we have power to prevent it."

That would seem to be a perfectly constitutional organization! That is to say, it is about as treasonable as the U. S. Constitution itself.—*True American.*

Just about as treasonable, and just about as effective for the protection of human rights as is the Constitution. It is simply a reiteration of the language of that document—substituting *man* for *person*—and is backed up, not by the power of the government, but by the private organization of a few individuals. Produce the case of a man who is really "deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," and the Constitution and its laws will require that justice be done in the premises. But the four millions of slaves in the South, the captured fugitives from bondage who are caught up in the North, and the violators of the Fugitive Slave Law or any other U. S. enactment who are all deprived of liberty by due process of law—summary and unjust, and iniquitous though such process be—cannot be reached for redress either by the Constitution, or by the action of the Sons of Liberty.

* * *

Kidnapping and Slaveholding.—We copy an article from the *Ohio State Journal* bearing the above caption. We like the brief synopsis of the bill referred to which is contained in a paragraph, where it is described as a bill prohibiting all slaveholding which is not constitutional, and forbidding more kidnapping than is required by the U. S. Constitution and Federal legislation.

What more than this can loyal citizens ask or expect? That is the length of their tether, and a single step beyond subject them to the imputation of being Disunionists and Traitors. If they are beginning to feel that their position is alike discreditable to their humanity and democracy, they should remember the remedy is in their own hands. While they profess to maintain their fealty as citizens, it is not wise to grumble because they cannot overstep constitutional bounds, and be consistent advocates of the rights of man.

* * *

Better Not.—A large meeting of the citizens of New York was recently held for the purpose of expressing their sentiments in favor of the freedom and nationality of Italy, and encouraging the people of that land in their efforts to achieve these ends. Have not these citizens yet learned that Freedom is one the world over, and that every word of encouragement they give to the dwellers upon the Tiber applies equally to the slaves by the Potomac? Have they not yet learned that the spirit of Liberty, which would strike the fetters from Italy, is the same power that is awaiting a fitting opportunity to break the shackles from the slaves of Virginia?

We commend these incendiary and insurrectionary meetings to the attention of Southern States, and warn them if they are not suppressed they may expect more John Brown raids, and Nat Turner insurrections.

* * *

Protect Home Labor.—The *Pittsburgh Gazette*, speaking of a recent Republican State Convention held in Pennsylvania, says:

"The enthusiasm for Gen. Cameron was unbounded, carrying all before it, and overshadowing the claims of all his distinguished competitors. Other prominent and able men had their friends, but their feeble voice was drowned in the wild enthusiasm for Pennsylvania's Favorite Son, the embodiment of the principles of Protection to Home Labor, and the able and fearless representative man of his party in his native State."

The protection to home labor spoken of above, is the protection given by a tariff to the labor of the whites, and *not* the protection to be given in the form of wages to those who now toil without compensation.

* * *

"Please Exchange."—We lately received a paper published in Georgia, requesting an exchange, to which request we gladly accede. It came directed to the "Anti-Slavery Bugle, or any other Republican paper." The Georgia editor has probably discovered ere this that the Bugle being an anti-slavery paper, it is, as a matter of necessity, *not* a Republican paper. We suppose he desire to see anti-slavery in what he would call its worst phase, and therefore send him a paper which advocates a dissolution of the Union as a duty on the part of abolitionists, and as an effectual means for the abolition of slavery. As none of our articles are copy righted, he is welcome to transfer to his columns the most traitorous and incendiary matter he can gather from our pages, and we assure him we are always prepared to stand by, and defend our principles.

* * *

☞ We have received from a respected correspondent some reflections on the death of one whose initial designation, we fear would hardly be recognized by many of the readers of the Bugle, and would therefore be uninteresting to them, and passed by without perusal. Such articles, however prized by the friends of the deceased, are not of the kind to attract the general reader unless the subject was well known, or the traits of character they possessed somewhat remarkable.

* * *

Over the Veto.—The bill passed by the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, prohibiting slavery there, and which was returned with the Governor's Veto, has been re-passed by the constitutional majority.

* * *

☞ A letter from S. S. Foster will appear next week.

* * *

Anti-Slavery Tracts.—The American A. S. Society has recently issued in tract form, "Letters on American Slavery," by Victor Hugo, Humboldt, and other distinguished foreigners; and also "An account of some of the principal slave insurrections," as well as others, which have occurred within the last two centuries. The latter is from the pen of our old friend Joshua Coffin, who was about the first abolitionist we ever saw, and was a perfect magazine of anti-slavery facts, and an encyclopedia of general knowledge.

The speech of Theodore Tilton in Plymouth Church, has also been given to the public in pamphlet form. This, as well as the other tracts named deserve an extensive circulation.

* * *

The Atlantic Monthly.—The March number of this periodical is on hand in good season, and its contents are nowise inferior to those of its predecessors. This work has established a national reputation, and is received far above any other monthly, as the exponent of American literature. Its independence in morals contrasts favorably with those magazines which carefully exclude from their pages every sentiment which may be supposed offensive to either Northern or Southern conservatism. And though "thrift may follow fawning," we are glad to know that it also sometimes waits upon the free thought freely spoken.

* * *

The Calumet is the name of a monthly of 32 pages, the first number of which is before us. It is issued by John Beeson, Indian Aid Office, No 55 Broadway, New York, and is furnished to subscribers at $1 a year. The work is devoted to the interests of the Red Man, and we bid it God speed in its mission of mercy, and its labor of love.

"Our land once green as Paradise, is hoary
E'en in its youth, with tyranny and crime:
Its soil with blood of Afric's sons is gory,
Whose wrongs Eternity can tell—not Time;
The red man's woes shall swell the damning story
To be rehearsed in every age and clime."

From the Ohio Statesman.

MR. HILLS AND THE WAYNE COUNTY PETITIONS.

On yesterday Mr. Hills presented the petitions of some of his Republican friends in Wayne county, praying for the setting apart of a day of humiliation, fasting and praying on behalf of the Legislature, to atone for the sin committed by that body, in the act of inviting the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee to Ohio, and then drink wine with them at the expense of the State. The petitions, two in number, with some one hundred and twenty or thirty names, of men "*in good standing*" in the party, were kicked out of the House, the Republicans of that branch of the Assembly regarding it as a wicked and profane insult for any body of citizens to suggest to them *that they ought to pray!* We regard the petitioners as pretty good judges of the wants and necessities of Republican politicians, especially of the class that now have seats in the Legislature. The Senate originated the resolution to invite the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures, and the same body on Thursday last passed a bill, which if it became a law (to prevent slaveholding in Ohio!) and the same gentlemen come here again, on another invitation, in the same capacity as they did this winter, and happen to have, as they had then, their servants along, they must under the law, if put in force, be consigned to the Penitentiary. If men who are guilty of such gross inconsistency, such base hypocrisy, ought not to fast and pray and pray and fast, then it is very difficult to determine who should. The petitioners are cognizant of the wants of the members of their party—but the latter do not appear to know their own condition. They are in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, and like Ephraim they are joined to their idols. Mr. Meyers, who heads one of the petitions, was, we are informed, a Republican candidate for Congress at the last canvass, and Mr. Abey, who headed the other, was a Republican candidate for Treasurer in Wayne county. These gentlemen and their co-petitioners, supposed, we apprehend, that there was something in the great professions made by the Republicans, for the maintenance of the sacred right of petition, but they will find that this is all pretence. If it had been a petition *from* some colored people, asking something that the Legislature could not constitutionally grant, these Republicans would have spent any amount of time and money in discussing the question, and urging the reception of the petitions. But as the petitions referred to came from white Republicans—couched to be sure in some unnecessarily rough language, but still calling on our 'solons' to pray—they were rejected. We here print the petitions for the information of the praying Republicans of Ohio:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Ohio assembled:—We, the undersigned voters of Wayne county, pray your honorable body to appoint a day of general fasting and prayer, to atone for the sins you committed by appropriating five thousand dollars for drunkenness and debauchery. We look upon it as a monstrous inconsistency, a monstrous stretch of Legislative power, for you so uselessly to squander the people's money; and lastly we look upon it as inconsistent, hellish and diabolical, and deserving the just indignation of an outraged people who were faithfully promised retrenchment and reform.

JOHN ABEY,
and 116 others.

Baughman, Wayne Co., O., Feb. 14, 1866.

We, the undersigned voters of Wayne county, pray your honorable body to appoint a day of general fasting and prayer, to atone for the sins you have committed by appropriating five thousand dollars for a drunken spree. We look upon it as a monstrous inconsistency, after the pledges made by most candidates prior to election of retrenchment and reform, and lastly, we look upon it as immoral, and as deserving the just indignation of an outraged constituency.

W. G. MEYERS.
and 19 others.

Baughman Tp, Wayne co., O., Feb. 14, 1860.

WHY BATES SHOULD BE NOMINATED.

[The *N. Y. Tribune*, in an article on the Presidency, gives the following cogent reasons why Bates should receive the Chicago nomination.]

If, then, our Convention shall decide that it cannot safely nominate Seward or Chase, we hold with due submission, that the man for the hour is Edward Bates of Missouri. Mr. Bates is commended to our judgment, because, while essentially a Republican, he has not hitherto been identified with the Republican party, and is not exposed to the unjust prejudices which incessant misrepresentation has excited against our veteran leaders. Born, reared, and always residing in a Slave State, it will be morally impossible to make anybody believe that he meditates disunion as a means of getting rid of Slavery, or that his election would result in disunion. A practical Emancipationist, it would be hard work to make him odious to sane Abolitionists, while we might safely count, in his behalf, on the noisy, malignant, untiring Denunciations of the little handful of Disunion Abolitionists who refuse to vote even for Seward or Chase, yet insist on damaging these statesmen by speaking well of them. This little outcries of common scolds, who never emancipated a slave and probably never will, will be certain to aid by their opposition the first practical emancipationist ever nominated for President, whether he be Bates or any one else." "The Old-Line Whigs" and other supporters of Fillmore and Donelson in '56 would be compelled either to support Bates, if a candidate, or to virtually confess that they oppose him simply because he is adverse to the Extension of Slavery. The Tariff men cannot object to him, for he is fully with them. The River and Harbor men will be glad to hail as a candidate the President of the Chicago River and Harbor Convention. As to the Pacific Railroad the word St. Louis tells all that need be said on *that* subject.

* * *

SLAVE TRADE BETWEEN THE STATES

Charles Reemelin, of Ohio, is publishing in the Cincinnati Commercial notes of a Southern Tour he is now making. Attached to the train he was on in Alabama were two car loads of negroes, and Mr. R. writes:

We went forward to have a look at them, and a sight met my eye never to be forgotten. There were some 150 negroes, young and old, men, women and children, mothers of large families, some alone, some surrounded by their offspring. Their clothing was of the most motley character, and the gifts of fair white ladies of cast off bonnets and gowns, and of fine white gentlemen of worn out hats and coats, were there to show that at parting there was some natural feeling. The negroes came as the trader said, from Virginia and North Carolina, from which region and Tennessee 100,000 are taken South each year; at this time the emigration amounts to 3,000 a week. They were destined for the New Orleans slave market, where the trader expected to get $2,000 for every healthy, full grown negro. When I first entered the car, a fetid stench, like that of a menagerie of monkeys, made me doubt for the first time in my life that the sleeping bodies before me belonged to human beings, and had I not afterwards heard them talk and seen them exhibit their attributes and propensities, my nose would have taken judgement by default. Some among them looked just as if imported from Africa. They were nearly naked, and seemed unable to reply to questions put to them. The conductor frankly admitted that negroes, whom he could not mistake to be slaves directly from Africa, did frequently come on their road; that 200 such came the week previous, and that 800 more were contracted for.

* * *

THE CONSTITUTION.

O, this American Union, falsely so called!—what a sham, what a snare, what a curse it has been from the beginning, and how entirely onesided and sectional! 'There is no North,' said Mr. Webster, and the declaration still remains true. Tell me not that the Constitution of the United States is an Anti-Slavery Instrument—that it was made to subserve the purposes of liberty, as against all injustice. I know the history of this country; I know the American people; and I know that they never did make, nor intend to make, a Constitution whereby they rendered slavery unlawful in our country. I know that they agreed, in veiled phraseology which all understood, that the piratical foreign slave-trade should be prosecuted under our national flag for a score of years, which agreement was fulfilled to the letter. I know that, in veiled phraseology, they provided for a slave representation in Congress; and it is enjoyed to this hour. I know that in veiled phraseology, they provided for the hunting and seizures of runaway slaves in every part of our broad domains; and this is still conceded to the South. And I know that, in very plain phraseology, they pledged the whole strength of the country to put down every insurrection in the land; and it was this strength that put John Brown and his associates into the murderous hands of Virginia. Now, if this is not 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,' what is it? Make yourselves the victims of it. Is there a man here who would stand by this Government, if it should turn him into a chattle, or take from him his wife or his children? No! never!

Our fathers were verily guilty in trying to assimilate elements essentially and eternally antagonistical. But I have a thousand more reasons for denouncing those who uphold the Constitution at this hour, than I have for denouncing the framers of it; for while the latter were without excuse, they did not clearly see the end from the beginning, as we now see it. They had not the terrible experiment fairly wrought out, so that they could understand exactly the consequences that would inevitably grow out of it. But, to us, all is 'open, palpable as a mountain'; and we are left without defence or apology. The people are rendered powerless in the presence of slavery, by the compromises of the Constitution. If it had not been for these compromises, neither Thomas Simms nor Anthony Burns would have been carried from Boston, back to chains and stripes. In the presence of those dreadful scenes men stood paralyzed, because of their admitted constitutional obligations. Hence, I say—Accursed be the Constitution of the United States! (Loud applause.) If however, any man can make out the Constitution to be anti-slavery, honestly and conscientiously to himself, let him do so; but let him take care that he votes for no party that does not agree with him in regard to the instrument. (Renewed applause.)

Let him take care that he does not, in one breath, say it is anti-slavery, and in the next acknowledge it to be pro-slavery, by voting for a man who does not believe a word that *he* says on that point. If any man can scare up an Anti-Slavery party in this country, under the Constitution; I have no objection to it; but tell him, beforehand, he has got to begin by converting the people of the United States to his opinion, (laughter and applause,) which is tantamount to an entire revolution of sentiment and feeling throughout the nation.—*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

* * *

Compulsory Slave-holding.—Slave-holders often allege, that they hold slaves from necessity—that they would gladly get rid of their slaves, if they could. This is all hypocrisy. Let them once get into debt, and their creditors will very soon find a way to relieve them of their slaves. Moreover, every slave-holder has the power to carry his slaves to a free state, or he can give them a pass and they will go themselves without his help. Hence, the idea of holding slaves from necessity, is exactly parallel with getting drunk from necessity. All the compulsion there is, or can be, in either case, or in any supposable case, results simply from the desire of the individual to perpetuate and repeat the sin charged upon him.—*Northern Independent.*

Keitt's Brother Killed by Slaves. Washington, Feb. 25.—Mr. Keitt a member from South Carolina, received a dispatch yesterday announcing that his eldest brother, a physician, residing at Pilatka, had been murdered in his bed by some of his negroes, who almost severed his head from his body. He was, at the time, confined to his bed by illness.

* * *

Receipts for the Bugle from Feb. 15. to Feb. 29.

Granville S. Bentley, Green Hill,	$1 25	pay to	793
Ed. Cadwalader, Troy Grove,	1 00	"	852
D. L. Galbreath, New Garden,	1 50	"	801
Enoch Harper, New Lisbon,	1 50	"	799
Lot Holmes, Marietta,	1 50	"	759
Mary Nichols "	2 00	"	766
Amos Marsh "	1 00	"	780
Joshua W. Morgan, "	1 50	"	801
James Miller, Mount Erie,	1 50	"	801
J. R. Haines, Alliance	1 00	"	782
Clark Trescott, "	1 00	"	784
Lewis Case, Rootstown,	1 50	"	804
Edward Coffin, New Lyme,	3 00	"	825
E. J. Lindsey, West Andover	2 00	"	820
Levi Brown, Salem,	1 50	"	802
J. E. Curtis, Jefferson,	1 50	"	802

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE,

☞ $1 50 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.* ☜

The Bugle can be obtained every Friday, of Isaac Trescott, at Sseer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞ Frances Ellen Watkins is authorised to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

☞ Isaac Trescott is duly authorized to receive all monies on account of subscriptions on the Bugle.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R. CO.

Pittsburgh, February 22d, 1860.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders in the "Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Rail road Company" will be held at the Rooms of the BOARD OF TRADE, in the city of Pittsburgh, on TUESDAY, the 27th of March next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time the Report of the Directors for the year 1859, will be presented.

The election for Fifteen Directors to serve the ensuing year, will be held at the same place, on WEDNESDAY, the 28th proximo, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Transfer books will be closed from the 18th to 28th of March, both inclusive; and the holders of Stock in the Ohio and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, or Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad Companies, which has not been converted into the stock of the new company at that time, will not be entitled to vote at said election.

Stockholders presenting their certificates of Stock in the Company to the Ticket Agent, at the Station nearest to their place of residence, will be furnished with a free ticket from that Station to Pittsburg and return, good going East, March 26th and 27th, going West, March 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st.

By order of the President.
AUGUSTUS BRADLEY, Secretary.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

Leave	Mail	Express
Pittsburg	2.00 a m	1.45 p m
Columbiana	4.52 a m	4.43 p m
Salem	5.20 a m	5.11 p m
Alliance	6.10 a m	6.02 p m

GOING EAST.

Leave	Mail	Express
Crestline	7.20 a m	6.20 p m
Alliance	12.24 p m	12.20 a m
Salem	1.16 p m	1.04 a m
Columbiana	1.45 p m	1.37 a m

Mail Train arrives in Crestline at 11 a m, in Chicago, 10.45 p m.

Express Train arrives in Crestline at 11 p m, in Chicago 10.45 a m.

Mail Train arrives in Pittsburg at 5.00 p m.

Express Train arrives in Pittsburg at 5.05 a m.

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAIL ROAD TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, January 16th, 1860.—Trains leave Alliance as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Mail, 8.38, a m, arrive in Cleveland, 11.28, a m
Express, 5.37, p m arrive in Cleveland, 7.35 p m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail, 12.8 p m arrive in Pittsburgh 4.35 p m
Mail, 12.8 p m arrive in Wheeling 6.16 p m
Express, 10.43 p m arrive in Pittsburgh, 2.30 a m
Express, 10.43 p m arrive in Wheeling 7.30 a m

RETURNING TRAINS LEAVE

Cleveland,	9.45 a m and	8.35 p m
Pittsburgh,	2 a m and	1.45 p m
Wheeling,	11.25 a m and	9.45 p m

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Prest.

F. R. Myers, Gen. Ticket Agt.

BOTANIC Medicines for Sale!

The subscriber offers for sale her entire stock of medicines, together with all the fixtures for preparing the same, at her residence on high street, Salem, Ohio. C. L. CHURCH.

March 1st, 1860.

NOTION AND VARIETY

STORE!!

Please call and examine our stock of Dry Good and Notions, DeLaines, Prints, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Chitnes, Ginghams, Drillings, Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels, Plaid, Striped, Plain, Swiss Mull and Book Muslins, Friend's Book Muslin H'dk'fs, Shirt Collars, Baby Flannels, Gents' and Ladies' H'dk'fs, Hosiery of all kinds, Gents' and Ladies' Gloves, Knitting Cotton and Woolen Yarn, Pocket Books, Porte Monnaies, Ladies' Reticules and Fancy Purses, Sheet Wadding, Cotton Batting, Ladies' Gauntlets, Woolen Hoods, Grenadine for veils, Needles, Pins, Cottons, Tapes, Bonnet Ruches, Silk Oilcloth, Corsets, Skirt Supporters, and Notions of all kinds. We call particular attention to our present stock, as it is the most attractive stock that we have ever been able to offer to our numerous friends, customers, and the public generally. Store, one door west of M'Millan's Book Store. E. BARR.

E. BARR.

Salem, Oct 22, 1859.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS,
IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

This brilliant and beautiful periodical is issued monthly by us from advance plates made in London, thus securing its publication on the same day in both hemispheres. Although but six months old it has already reached a circulation in Europe and America of over 130,000 copies of each number. Following are a few brief extracts from the commendations which have been bestowed upon it by the American press:

From the Lawrence Sentinel, Mass.

We hope that this new periodical will find a large circulation in Lawrence. Parents could not put a work into the hands of their boys and girls that would give them so much instruction in so pleasant a way. The scientific articles have always been especially entertaining—at once thoroughly philosophical and yet as fascinating as fiction.—Nothing equal to them, in their peculiar line, has ever appeared in any other magazine.

From the People's Press, Philadelphia.

It is gratifying to see the great novelist voluntarily enrolling himself as one of the fraternity, whose influence sways the world to and fro like the pendulum of Galileo. Charles Dickens, the greatest writer who has lived since Shakspeare, the one who has peopled our language with its ripest and most felicitous images, who has created the most marvelous processions of individualities, takes his place in the first rank of those "who battle for the true, the just," with that mightiest of weapons—the Press.

From the Western New-Yorker.

A large-hearted man, even then with frosted beard and thin locks, once spoke of the works of Charles Dickens as a long drawn Sermon on the Mount. Such enthusiasm even, heard with as much reverence as uttered it, tells truth. The new periodical is altogether unique and we can afford to give up Household Words for these fresh pages.

From the Bridgeport Farmer.

Among the most eminent of the contributors are Mrs. Gaskell, Wilkie Collins, George Augustus Sala, and Miss Ida Craig—a constellation of writers such as no other periodical in the world can claim, and which could only have been gathered together by that personal magnetism which Mr. Dickens possesses in so unusual a degree.

From the Lancaster, Pa., Republican.

Those who have enjoyed the keen satire, the flashing wit or the deep pathos distinguishing the works of the illustrious author of "Boz," will hail in this publication the advent of a new star of the first magnitude and brilliancy upon the literary horizon.

From the Carlisle, Pa., Herald.

Those who have read the published works of Dickens, and who has not? need not be told of the rich treat which is spread weekly before them in the pages of *All the Year Round.*

From the Batavia, N. Y., Republican.

It contains a mass of choice and interesting matter far exceeding that of any similar publications.

From the San Francisco Farmer.

The name of Charles Dickens is enough to secure a world of patrons.

From the York, Pa., Advocate.

It bids fair to rival, day to exceed, every work of the sort hitherto commenced, in the extent of its circulation and in its popularity.

During the issue of the first volume of the work now completed, it has received over two thousand testimonials of favor like the above from the press, a flood of commendations perhaps never before equalled in the history of periodical literature.—The first volume which closed with the November number, containing six hundred and twenty four pages including Charles Dickens new novel "A Tale of Two Cities" elegantly and substantially bound in muslin will be furnished at two dollars per copy.

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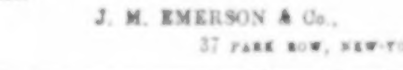
OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.



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January 28, 1860.—3m.

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April 2.—1y. 33p'd.

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Account of his Early Life, by Capt. Brown Himself.

This important document has not, and will not, appear in the public press, as it is the desire of the friends who contribute it that it should appear exclusively in our Publication for the benefit of his family, and any re-printing of it will be prosecuted as an infringement of Copyright. Of this Autobiography it is sufficient to say that nothing of the kind, since the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANKLIN, has been published, which is at once so characteristic and so interesting.

A large per centage on every Copy sold is secured by contract to the family of Capt. Brown, and this work is published under their sanction and approval as may be seen by the following letters.

Extract from a Letter of Mary A. Brown, Widow of Capt. John Brown.

North Elba, Dec. 1859.

Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge: Dear Friends—I am satisfied that Mr. Redpath is the man to write the life of my beloved husband, as he was personally acquainted with him, and I think will do him justice. * * * I think that the Portrait is a very good one.

Yours respectfully,
MARY A. BROWN.

Letter from Salmon Brown, Son of Capt. John Brown.

North Elba, Dec. 1859.

Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, Dear Sirs—I was somewhat acquainted with James Redpath in Kansas. I am also familiar with his writings, and I consider him an able biographer, and the man above all others to write the life of my beloved father. I believe him to be a man of undoubted veracity, and fully believe he will do justice to the work he has undertaken.

Yours respectfully,
SALMON BROWN.

☞ The Publishers' Agent is now in this place, with the Work for Sale. The book will not be put in the Bookstores, and those who desire it must procure it from the authorized Agent, as it cannot be obtained from any other source.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE, Publishers,
114 and 116 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SALEM, OHIO, JAN. 7th, 1860.

SEMI ANNUAL SALES.

We would respectfully announce the commencement this day, of our

CLOSING OUT SALES, OF
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Determined to close out all kinds of goods rendered unseasonable by the approach of Spring, we are now offering at and

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Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

CHEERFULNESS.

Nothing upon the earth forever grieves;
No bird forever sad and songless lives;
Even the poor small worm,
Puts on, before he dies, his glorious form,
And, for a little space,
Chases the sunbeams round the mountain's face.
The rose that has been ruffled by the storm
Droops not for aye her leaves,
After the rain,
She lifts her tearful head, radiant again.
Yea, not forever bow the autumn sheaves—
Though weighed from above,
As hearts are with their love,
With all the riches that the heaven gives;
Sometimes, on sunny days,
A gentle wind will raise
Their golden ears, ripe for the garner's eaves.
The chilly frost before the warm sun yields,
When the cloud shadows hang above the fields,
They linger not—
Look once again—sunlight is on the spot!

Chambers Journal.

"JUST AS WELL AS NOT."

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Ding, ding, ding, went Mrs. Clarkson's breakfast bell; the beef steak sat smoking on its hot platter, the cooked potatoes steamed up beneath a half laid cover, and the buckwheat cakes said as plain as buckwheat cakes could, 'eat me quick, for I am not worth a cent when I am settled down into cool calculating adhesiveness.'

'Dear me,' exclaimed Mrs. Clarkson, 'I never did see such a man as your father; he will sit there and stick to that Governor's Message, till the breakfast will all be as cold as a stone, 'fore he'll stir.'

'Does'nt make any odds, mother, whether its the Governor's Message or the trial of old John Brown, or Senator Trumbull's speech. I have'nt known him to come to breakfast till it was cold, since I can remember,' said Joe.

'That's so,' replied Giles, 'and its my opinion that its not worth while for a dozen of us to eat cold victuals because one is not on hand to begin the ceremonies.' So Giles drew his chair up to the table and made close acquaintance with the buckwheat cakes, on the instant.

'Oh! wait for your father, Giles,' said Mrs. Clarkson, in a deprecating tone. 'It don't look respectful, for you to sit down so.'

'Mother, the team is all ready, and my load is in for the city, and you know I ought to have been off half an hour ago, to meet the best of the market; I can't wait.'

Ding, ding, ding, went the bell again; and Emma, took off her father's plate from the table and set it on the stove to keep it warm.

Giles ate his breakfast hastily and departed. Joe looked at the hired men as they sat silently in the warm breakfast room. The griddle on the roaring stove in the kitchen, waiting to supply the deficiences which would soon occur in the buckwheat plate, began to smoke and burn, while Lissie, who was waiting also for the griddle to do its work, so that it might be removed and give place to the wash kettle (for it was Monday morning,) was in a furious rage.

'Sure now, and 'twill be twelve o'clock this blessed day, before I'll be getting at my work; och but its a botheration to be waiting for the gintlemen so, and faith its not I can be seeing what's in that bit of paper that he needs be given over till it entirely to the loosing of his breakfast. For by it be not the divil himsel, that's there just to be keeping us all from the business.'

So matters stood, and so stood a household of twelve, all waiting for the head of the house to finish the paragraph.

Twelve men and women, fifteen minutes lost. Three precious hours of a short winter day wasted, an excellent breakfast half spoiled—half the family at least—put into an impatient humor. Lissie made cross all day, for by time breakfast was over she was nearly an hour behind hand, and the fretting of mind made her work go crooked and slow, her clothes were not out in good season—and had to all be brought in wet at eve, lest prowlers should forget in the night to whom they belonged. Ella declared she should be tardy, so left with only a piece of bread and butter in her hand, to sustain her through the long and arduous duties of the day, as the teacher of a district school. She felt the want of her breakfast as she hurried on over the rough road, meeting the piercing winter air, and of course was not so well prepared to deal patiently and justly with the fifty restless little spirits under her charge.

Ding, ding, ding, went the bell a third time, and Mrs. Clarkson, urged by the waiting ones all around, put her head inside the sitting room door, and suiting the word to the spirit said tartly—

"Mr. Clarkson, do you know we have all been waiting this half hour for you? what is the reason you can't read the rest of that after breakfast, we're every one of us being put out of time just by your sticking to that old paper. I wish there were'nt no such thing as papers—they provoke me to death."

Mr. Clarkson always jumped when his wife began to scold; a mild remonstrance had long since lost all effect on him, and so he tried her patience more and more, till she, poor woman, having to be the receptacle of all the troubles of the numerous house—the g—chewers of father and sons—and father and daughters; had grown into what the world hates—a fretting woman—or in other words, a woman that was compelled to keep all the time talking, asking, reminding, and ever teasing, and when these would not do, as in this instance, scolding.

'*Just as well as not*' might all this have been avoided, if the one who made all the trouble, only for a little self gratification, had remembered the rights of others. But why did they not all sit down and eat? you will ask.

Because Mr. Clarkson was a man of fixed habits. It would have seemed to him as impossible for his household to have eaten breakfast till he appeared in his place, as for him to have laid down his newspaper at the first bell. Then it was his practice to ask God's blessing over the comforts and luxuries provided, and it would have set aside this duty for a part to have been engaged in the business of eating, and to have been checked in such an operation for such a purpose.

Mr. Clarkson dashed down his newspaper, rushed to the dining room, exclaiming as he went,

"Tis astonishing how much disturbance is made every morning, because I want to read a moment after the bell rings." Seats himself hastily in his place. 'Come, come, boys, your mother is very impatient this morning.'

"I'm sure somebody ought to be," is mother's response, as with flushed brow and grieved heart, she prepares to turn the coffee.

The family seated, the hands are lifted, and the blessing hurried over—a mere mockery of words, for not one is in a happy or cheerful frame of mind. The absence of Giles and Ella is noticed, and explanations asked and reasons given. Giles has gone off without an important errand, and Ella is very severely censured for her promptness; and then the meal is eaten in entire silence, except here and there a complaint, 'The cakes are burnt to a coal.'

'Well, it's just ye's own fault,' answers Lissie tartly; 'the griddle's been burning up this half hour with the waiting, and sure, they stick so, I can do nothing wid 'em. The first lot I brought ye's was beautiful.'

And so they were, but now cold—had to be thrown away.

'How cold the coffee is,' mutters Joe.

'I know—it was brought up so long ago,' answers Maria, 'it's no wonder.'

And thus is the breakfast eaten, without any social pleasure, no merry joke, no cheerfulness, no real enjoyment; and it settles like half poison into the stomachs of those who have been made unhappy, by what might have been avoided, 'just as well as not.'

Did Mr. Clarkson know how much disgust he had made to those around him? Not at all. He had been doing just so for twenty years, and had come decidedly to the conclusion that he had a very exacting wife and family, and that he was really a very much abused individual, and often said, as a kind of excuse for himself—

'Women must have something to fret about, for fret they will and fret they do; let us poor fellows do the best we can.' And so he went on, pouring out daily this little turbid stream that riled all the waters of his household river, making them bitter, not only to his own taste, but to that of every one who was compelled to drink thereof. It is little acts of selfishness, too often, that mar the harmony of life—so little that those who commit them will not take pains to reform. 'They are so small, they can't be of any great importance;' and so, like Mr. Clarkson, they read the paragraph, though the breakfast be ready, the cakes getting cold, Lissie anxious to get at the washing, Ella too late to school, and Giles liable to lose the best sale of his chickens, turkeys, oats and potatoes. Ill humor is created, and ill humor creates indigestion, peevishness, fretfulness, and oftentimes the worst injustice. All of which might have been avoided 'Just as well as not.'

MANLINESS.

Rev. Theodore Parker conceived the true idea of manliness when he wrote: "The purpose of life is to form a manly character, to get the best developement of body and spirit—of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end; all else is the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or ease, the most power or place, honor or fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of human duty, enjoys the greatest amount of human right, and acquires the greatest amount of manly character. It is of no importance whether he wins this by wearing a hood upon his shoulders, or a crown upon his head. It is the character and not the crown, I value. The crown perishes with the head that wore it; but the character lives with the immortal man who achieved it; and it is of no consequence whether that immortal man goes up to God from a throne or from a gallows."

In a Hurry.—A clergyman of one of our eastern states, during his lifetime was as much distinguished for his eccentricity as for the sincerity and fervor of his prayer. One thanksgiving day he dined with the senior deacon; being an old-fashioned man he was in the habit of asking a most wearisome blessing. On this occasion he was particularly prolific, and finally was forced to pause to gain a new supply of breath and words. The instant he stopped, the pastor sat down and began to rattle his knife and fork. The deacon very much disconcerted by the conduct of his reverend guest, opened one eye, and looking down to him exclaimed,

"Doctor! Doctor! I am not through yet, I only hesitated."

"Hesitate," replied the Doctor, "it is no time to hesitate when a turkey is cooling."

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

The Cafe Foy is a very celebrated Paris restaurant. It has or had, a standing rule never to call back, or ask an explanation from any individual leaving the establishment without paying. The doctrine was, if the gentleman is merely forgetful, he will rectify his error the next day; if the omission is a swindle, it is better to suffer the loss than to provoke publicity, and perhaps unpleasant consequences. For five years an individual had breakfasted regularly at the Cafe Foy, and as regularly acquitted each morning's indebtedness. At last he omitted to do so, but no notice was taken of it. He went on this way for a week, but as he was an *habitue* of so long standing, it excited no uneasiness. The waiter finally asked the proprietor if he should remind the gentleman of his delinquency. "By no means," was the reply.—"He has been punctual in his payments for five years, and if he is less so now it is, perhaps, that he is in want of money. At any rate, do not let him suppose, by a look or a word, or want of attention, that his recent irregularity has been noticed." At the end of eight months, the gentleman disappeared leaving his bill unsettled. It was put down to profit and loss, and in five years more had past from the recollection of the master of the house. Not long ago he received from a distant port, a shipment of genuine Mocha, worth a thousand dollars, and a draft upon a Paris banker for one thousand one hundred francs, the approximate amount of two hundred breakfasts.—The latter was a reimbursement—the former a "recognition of an act of delicacy, rare in any station of life."

—Lola Montes ironically remarks to young gentlemen:—"You ought to know that there are four things which always more or less interests a lady—a parrot, a peacock, a monkey and a man: and the nearer you come in uniting these about equally in your character, the more will you be loved. This is a cheap and excellent recipe for making a dandy, a creature which is always an object of admiration to the ladies."

Gold and Silver.—The total amount of gold and silver yielded by all the mines in the world, from the birth of Christ down to the year 1856, has been estimated at *sixteen thousand, two hundred and nine millions, two hundred thousand dollars*.

BEAUTIFUL WATER.

Beautiful water! sparkling, clear,
Welling up through the golden sand;
Bubbling and boiling, there and here,
Then hasting away o'er the pebbly strand.
The sight of thee to me is dear,
Beautiful water! sparkling, clear.

Beautiful water! fresh and cold;
Soothing draught for parched lips,
When in the sandy desert old
The traveler sees thee, and quickly dips
His pitcher and drinketh manifold,
Beautiful water! fresh and cold.

Beautiful water! it comes from above,
It sweetens the earth to fertileness,
Brightens the plain, and flushes the grove,
With promise of autumnal bliss;
A pledge thou art of our Father's love,
Beautiful water! which comes from above.

Beautiful water! Emblem meet,
Of the grace which cometh down from Heaven,
When to the heart speaks the pardon sweet,
"Sinner, thy faults are all forgiven."
And we humbly kneel at Jesus' feet,
Rejoicing the Water of Life to meet.

—Canada Temperance Journal.

T. K. BEECHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE OHIO FARMER, BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

It was my good fortune, a few weeks ago, to attend church and listen to the preaching of this brother of the "Great Thunderer," (as Henry Ward is now called,) and I believe the youngest of this illustrious family. He is a slender young man, perhaps five feet eleven inches in highth, with a fair complexion, hair of redish brown, and whiskers of brighter shade; deep, earnest, light blue eyes, and altogether a perfect contrast in person, as in character, to his brother, in Brooklyn. I had heard he was odd, "the queerest fellow that ever you saw," said a friend. As he rose in the pulpit, I was almost tempted to smile at his unclerical appearance. There was not, in coat or pants, vest or neck tie, in the combing of his hair, or cut of his beard, the slightest symbol of the priest. He read his chapter from the Bible in the same tone and in the same manner that he would have read any other book, and the hymn shared the same fate. The chorister announced that the tune should be "Coronation," and with one accord, each member of his audience that had the voice of song, struck up that old air of exultation, and poured forth a melody that touched even my cold heart, (cold only to fashionable choir music,) and filled and thrilled me, till I bent forward, and laid my head on the seat before me, and wept like an infant; for the music and tune carried me back to my childhood, and brought the friends of my youth, and the loved ones of my early years, aye, even the old-fashioned log church, and its humble congregation of worshippers so vividly before me, that I felt as a child, and the long years since the now and then were swept away.

Oh! how form and ceremony have sealed up the holy fountains of love and harmony in the hearts of the children of men. The Beechers are to be thanked, indeed, for reviving, or rather returning to this custom of congregational singing.

Thomas K. then took his text, and as it was communion day, preached his sermon upon sacraments; and oh! what a sermon was that. There was no clerical ostentation—no overflowing of saintliness. He talked to his people face to face, in tones and with a manner as unconstrained as if he were at the breakfast table. I cannot follow him, and dare only attempt an abstract of his discourse. Its leading idea was charity to all men; and that as we would ask the charity of others for ourselves, so should we extend it to them. Nothing was sacred in and of itself. The Koran of the Turk was to him as sacred as our Bible, which we had christened "holy," was to us—the sacramental offerings of the heathen, if they come from the heart, as acceptable to God. The binding of our Bibles, the paper upon which printed, the type on the gilding, were no better than those composing other books; and it was only holy as a book, as the heart received it as an answer to its greatest needs, and as it led the receiver up to higher and truer life. We had more sacraments than we knew of; he wished we had more still—one for every day in the year. Our homes, our mothers, our minister, our church, &c., were all, according to our love and veneration, sacraments binding us more firmly to love and duty. He swayed the minds of his audience to and fro, as the winds bends the waving grass in the meadow. As he spoke of the mother, and the love that every man and woman should have for her who bore that sacred name to them, the tears rolled down his manly cheeks, and called forth answering tears throughout the audience. When a pleasant or witty thought flashed into his brain, it was given forth. A smile, almost a laugh, answered to his own pleasant smile or laugh. He chained the attention of his hearers from first to last, yet there was no constraint, no loud talk, no rostrum eloquence. It was plain, common, child-like, beautiful; and when he had ended, and sat before them the "bread and wine," he called all to partake who desired to be kept in remembrance of Christ—his pure life—his love for humanity, and his crucifixion for truth's sake.

No creed is exacted of his members; even those openly discarding a belief in the common confession of faith, were by a vote of his people, accepted as members of the Brotherhood. I have seldom, if ever, heard so much of what I feel is God's truth, preached from any pulpit, as by this young branch of that great tree, which has made so marked an impress upon the age. If he lives, he will do a mighty work for humanity. I have heard Henry Ward Beecher many times, but all his sermons have not so lifted me up, and made me feel so much my duty to God and humanity, as this one, of his gentle-spirited brother. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher are boarders at the "Water Cure" of Dr. Gleason and his wife, on the hillside above Elmira. They have rooms furnished in the city, where they receive their parishoners, who call daily, and as friends meet each other for social intercourse.

Books, papers, pictures, statuary, playthings for children, a steroscope, a sewing machine, and other means of instruction and amusement are here grouped together; and these rooms are seldom empty. Here, I am told, Mr. Beecher and his excellent wife, on week days meet their parishoners, and answer to their needs in the most pleasant conversation; give and receive instruction, and help each other in times of need. Their minister makes himself useful in many ways. He cracks jokes; laughs them out of the vapors; harmonizes their difficulties, by taking sides with neither; sews their garments, stitches their shirt collars on his sewing machine; and makes a party once a week for their children and plays with them, and gives them one day in the week so full of active exercise and cheerful loving life, that it spreads its glow over the rest of the week.

One Sabbath in four, he devotes to the children; and his church is thronged with the little ones, to whom he preaches love and trust, and leads to God, and Christ, as the Father, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He frightens them with no denunciations, and disgusts them with no stern, forbidding exhortations or formalities. The little ones in his flock will never ask, as did the little daughter of the Puritan mother, who had taught her child that Heaven would be one long long Sabbath; and at the same time had told her that little girls who played, and sang, and laughed, and danced, on Sunday, would be sent to hell.—"Mamma," said this young child; "if I am good when I go to heaven and learn my Sabbath school lesson, and don't play or make any noise for a good long while, don't you think God will let me go down to hell some afternoon and have a good play?"

Mr. Beecher will never teach his scholars to feel that hell is better than heaven. We found, indeed that he was an "odd man," and "the queerest fellow we ever saw." Would there were more like him. In his private life, he is a great jester—a great wag; mirthful and mischievous as a boy, and full of sport and play as a young kitten. He never discusses, in an argumentative way, doctrinal points; he speaks his own truth, and leaves it in its own strength to reach the hearts of those who hear. He cannot be ever abused into a contest, and will not be provoked to answer bitterness with bitterness.

Such was Thomas K. Beecher, who presides over a Congregational Church in Elmira, New York, as I saw him and heard of him, from those who have been in daily intercourse with him for years; and his young wife is truly a help-meet for him," in his work of love.

Purse Pride.—It is to be lamented that the national character of the English is pride, and the meanest of all pride—purse pride. Even a poor Lord is despised; and to increase his fortune a necessitous peer will condescend to marry into a rich citizen's family. An overweening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgement of many to that excess, that in estimating men or things, they refer always to "What is he worth?" or "What will he fetch?"—Were we to point out a person as he passes and say, "there goes a good man—one who has not a vice," he would scarcely be noticed, but exclaim, "That man is worth £500,000," and he will be stared at till out of sight. This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow of a neighboring nation, who had carried on business in London and failed. Sitting in a coffee house one day where a few wealthy citizens were discussing some money concerns, and observing him very attentive, one person turned aside to him and said, "What's your opinion, Sir, of the matter?"—"S'blood, Sir!" returned he, peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in this country who has not a guinea in his pocket?" This makes good what Mr. Burk says;—"That a merchant has no faith but in his banker; his ledger is his Bible, the exchange is his church, the desk is his altar; and his money his god."

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh! to breath each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give us the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it please e'en human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No! let us reach a higher mood,
A noble sentiment of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To other's failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip can tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

Planet Reading.—Dr. Edwards, who does a large business in the "planet reading" line at his office in Philadelphia, advertises that he can cure diseases and recover stolen property. He says:—"T. Edwards is naturally a Doctor—having a gift from the Lord. My mother was her mother's seventh daughter, and I am her seventh son; my father was a seventh son; and I am his seventh son, I was born with seven curls, and I am a seven months' child, and walked in seven month after I was born, and have shed my teeth seven times," &c., &c.

A French Home.—In a French family there is much closer sympathy of parents with children than with us. They give up more of their time to amuse and instruct them. In America, a man of business works so hard, and comes home so jaded, that he has no spirit for anything but to read his paper, smoke his pipe, and roll into bed. A French father makes a better economy of life. He works hard, too, during the day, but not to a point of utter exhaustion. He keeps a little strength for his home. And when he enters that enchanted circle, and shuts the door, he shuts the world behind him. Then begone, dull care. Then the children have full liberty to romp and climb upon the father's knee, and gaiety and cheerful enjoyment rule the hour.—*Summer Pictures, G. H. Field.*

A Serious Question.—Old Noah B. was, in his old age, when in his cups, given to religion. One day his "old woman" sent him out to split some wood, but coming across a brandy bottle, he returned home very much "obfusticated," and his errand unaccomplished. Taking a seat he commenced with:—"Wife—wife, do you think the Lord in his goodness (hic) kin send us into fire everlastin?" No answer from his wife, who was highly incensed to find her liege lord in such a condition. "Wife, kin the Lord intend to burn us all in fire everlastin?" Mrs. B. by this time was boiling over with indignation, but said nothing. "Wife, (hic) do you think the Lord means (hic) to burn us all (hic) in fire everlastin?" This was more than human patience could endure, and she could not hold her tongue any longer; she'd speak if she died for it. "No! yer old fool, yer! not if he waits for you to split the wood!"

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